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LITERATURE.

Mary Howitt: an Autobiography. Edited by her Daughter, Margaret Howitt. In 2 vols. (Ibsbister.)

THOUGH it is yet some months short of two years since Mary Howitt was laid by her husband in her Roman grave, she seems to belong to a generation other than our own. There are those of us who are old enough to see in their glass the grey hairs encroaching steadily upon the black or the brown, and who well remember the joy of coming down from the nursery to the dining-room to spend an hour in the delightful companionship of *Howitt's Journal*, with its fascinating variety of literature, "combining instruction with entertainment," and its numerous woodcuts, which, to young minds, unsophisticated by the hot-pressed splendours of American magazines, were indeed things of beauty. The early pages of Mrs. Howitt's autobiography—one of the most companionable books of our time—certainly deepen the impression of remoteness. The pleasant reminiscent gossip of an old lady who was born when the eighteenth century had nearly two years of life before it, and whose seniors had heard the roar of the revolutionary tempest, does assuredly take us back across a chasm, which it is difficult to realise as having been bridged by the life of a contemporary, into a far-away time which seems to belong not to living memory but to dead history. There is a nameless charm in holding converse with one who has lived in our own world, and who can yet tell us how her mother met Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney—of whom people were very much afraid "from the idea that she would put them in a book"; how her father in an hour of distress and perplexity consulted a real live witch; and how a near female relative, being benighted on Blackheath, found a courteous guide and escort in no less formidable a person than Dick Turpin, mounted upon the Black Bess of circus immortality.

To Mary Howitt herself these things were, of course, matters of rumour and report only; but her personal experiences take us back into the historical period, for she tell us

"my very earliest recollection is a dim remembrance of an old man delivering, in the kitchen, some piece of intelligence which was received by the assembled household with expressions of joy. I was told later that it must have been his announcing the Peace of Amiens."

This was in the March of 1802, when the little Mary Botham—such was her maiden name—was only just completing her third year; so it is plain that the incident, remote as it must have been from her understanding,

made a strong impression upon her childish imagination. There is, I think, no other public event which has any record in these early reminiscences; for to the austere Quaker father politics were but "carnal" things, and in this household the harmless necessary newspaper was a forbidden luxury. "It is impossible," writes Mrs. Howitt, "to give an adequate idea of the stillness and isolation of our lives as children"; but whatever her sketch may lack in the matter of adequacy it is certainly not lacking in doleful impressiveness. Wordsworth tells us how he was saddened by the fervour of an old man's gratitude for a very trivial service: the early pages of this autobiography may well induce a mood of gloom by the rapture with which they celebrate the occasional coming into the writer's childhood life of pleasures so simple and ordinary that in the record of most lives they would have been taken for granted and passed by. So silent was the house that the children were not able to acquire an ordinary vocabulary, but had to invent words for the commonest objects and actions—*akisham*, for example, being their phonetic word-creation for a sneeze. And as it was only as a matter of necessity that the little girls were ever taken through the streets, one can imagine how, as Mrs. Howitt puts it, "the world seemed to enlarge itself" on those rare occasions when they demurely followed their father and mother through the market-place to the Red Lion, in the club-room of which some ministering Friend "had a concern to hold a public meeting." Mrs. Howitt writes with the sobriety fostered by her early training, but she can use no weaker word than "thrilling" to describe the delight of such an experience.

A Quakers' meeting, even when held in an inn's club-room, "with its chandelier and its side lights all ablaze," cannot, one thinks, have been an exhilarating affair; and the little Bothams probably did not dare to enjoy the element of humour which occasionally made itself felt even in this atmosphere of oppressive solemnity. Mrs. Howitt tells us that

"on one such occasion a curious and rather awkward incident took place. The preacher was a woman Friend, and concluded her discourse by describing the New Jerusalem, the inhabitants of which should no more say, 'I am sick.' With these words, as if impatient to make an end, she sank down into the seat behind her. On this, one of the medical men of the town, who sat in the middle of the meeting, and who evidently had not been paying much attention to the thread of the discourse, sprang up, and leaning forward in the crowd, said in a professional tone 'Is the lady ill? Can I render any assistance?' A dead silence prevailed—and we must suppose that the truth dawned upon the medical mind, for after repeating the question with the same result, he seated himself, amid the suppressed smiles of all who were not Friends."

Mrs. Howitt makes no attempt to be harrowing, but these opening chapters are records of such unrelieved repression that they possess quite a horrible fascination. The school friends of Mary and Anna Botham were allowed to do "fancy work"; they were rigorously confined to shirt-making. The former were attired in the ordinary costume of Friends; but for the latter that costume was made a thing of extraordinary and

aggressive hideousness. While at home they were occasionally allowed the companionship of other girls, but boys "in a loomp" were tabooed as centres of mysterious contamination; and when it was discovered that poor little innocent Mary, at the age of nine, had been tempted to write from dictation a letter dealing with the revolting themes of love and marriage, she was made to feel herself a mass of uncomprehended corruption.

When the time came for the subjects of this unhappy letter to become matters of personal experience Mary Botham gained her emancipation. She met William Howitt at the house of his cousin, Susanna Frith, who was living in Uttoxeter, he having previously been commended to her favourable regard by a common friend as "more than a scholar—a born genius, and most agreeable," a testimonial which must have seemed almost too satisfactory to be quite credible. To the mind of the maiden, however, the young man justified the good report of rumour. She and he were both interested in the quiet Quaker-like science of botany, an interest which suggested long country rambles, in the course of which they found each other, with the result that they were, with the quiet approval of all interested, betrothed during the later months of the year 1818, and married on April 16, 1821. In latter years, when these days of romance had become a memory, the elderly wife did not fail to record that she wore on the occasion her "first silk gown—a very pretty dove-colour—with bonnet of the same material, and a soft white silk shawl." That silk gown was the oriflamme of freedom.

After their marriage, the young couple settled in Hanley; but after a residence of seven months they removed to Nottingham—a visit to William Howitt's relatives at Heanor being interpolated between the two residences. The nature of the elder Howitt was much wider than that of Samuel Botham, and his interests in life much more varied. He had an un-Quakerlike passion for pedigrees, and an enthusiasm for the educational views of Rousseau, which he had endeavoured to put into practice in the training of his son—an experiment which was, in later years, regarded by the subject of it with anything but approval. Here there was no custom of silence; for the head of the house had a great fund of anecdote, and, like most people similarly endowed, was pleased to display his wealth. His daughter-in-law tells one of his stories, which I do not remember to have seen in print before:

"As Michael Fletcher, of Romsey, was walking with a young woman Friend, from London, on the terrace at Windsor, King George and Queen Charlotte drew near, and freely entered into conversation with them. His majesty asked Michael whether many of his society resided in that neighbourhood, adding they were a people he greatly respected. Then turning to the young woman he inquired if she were one of the society, and being answered in the affirmative, the king inquired, 'Is there not too much gauze here?' She acknowledged that she had deviated from the rule, and was sorry for it. Upon which George the Third said, 'And I am sorry for it too; for when persons once begin to deviate they do not know where to stop.'

A very characteristically Georgian remark! During the early years of their married life, William and Mary Howitt made a couple

of tours in Scotland, which supplied them with many pleasant memories and a rich store of literary material, their northern experiences being narrated at some length in the interesting fifth and seventh chapters of this book. They lost their way, and were within an ace of losing their lives, in a sudden storm on Ben Nevis; caught a passing glimpse of Sir Walter Scott through the window of the inn at Melrose; made a pilgrimage to New Lanark, which suggested some doubts of the perfect success of Robert Owen's great experiment; paid their respects to the venerable Mrs. Maclehose, the "Clarinda" of Burns; and were made much of by Prof. Wilson, Moir, Tait of *Tait's Magazine* (to which William Howitt had become a contributor), Robert Chambers, and other literary notabilities of Edinburgh.

In the meantime they had, perhaps without full consciousness of the change, been detaching themselves from Quakerism. Mary Howitt had known too much of its methods of repression not to recoil from them, and she could not be permanently holden of a system which left unsatisfied her instinctive craving for beauty. Here is a letter which, though written in her Quaker days, is not the utterance of an orthodox Friend, but rather of an aesthete before aestheticism—a herald of the gospel of sunflowers and blue china.

"I trust thou hast plenty of nice little shelves and odd nooks for good casts and knick-knacks. I love to see these things in a house where they are well selected and used with discretion. Let us accustom our children to elegant objects as far as our means permit. I think one might manage so that every common jug and basin were well moulded, with such curves as would not have offended the eye of an Athenian. . . . Morally and intellectually we must be better for studying perfection, and it consists a great deal in outward forms. Even a child can soon perceive how in houses some things are chosen for their grotesqueness or picturesqueness, which is a different thing from beauty."

This was written in 1830, but it was not until 1847 that William and Mary Howitt resigned their membership of the Society of Friends. They were then living at Clapton, and they became regular worshippers at the Unitarian church of which Dr. Sedler was minister; but it does not seem that they called themselves Unitarians, or that either of them became formally connected with any religious organisation, until Mary Howitt, in her closing years, made her submission to the Catholic Church. Various references to the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism show how profoundly she was impressed by what she came to regard as an authentic revelation of things behind the veil; and various stories scattered up and down these volumes show that to her imaginative nature the marvellous was always fascinating. One of these stories is new and curious.

"Some of Byron's friends were in Italy, Trelawny, Leigh Hunt, and Westmacott among the number. One evening, in high spirits, warmed with romantic sentiment, they wandered along the banks of the Arno to the valley delle Donne, mentioned in the *Decameron*. Sitting down, they imagined that the spirits of Dante and Boccaccio might unseen be hovering around them, when, in the midst of the conversation, Leigh Hunt begged them to be silent, and desired Westmacott not to stir, for upon his hat had settled the largest and most

beautiful butterfly he ever saw. All admired it amazingly; but the greatest wonder was that it was perfectly black. Then, resuming the conversation, one suggested the idea that, as the Greeks symbolised the soul by the butterfly, some one of their friends in that country might then be dead, and his soul have made them a passing, parting visit in the shape appropriate to Greece. They noted down the day and hour, and soon after the news reached them that on the same date, April 19, 1824, Byron had died at Missolonghi in Western Greece."

The removal of the Howitts from the Midlands to London was the means of bringing them into more or less intimate relations with many of their distinguished literary contemporaries; but the purely literary reminiscences are fewer and slighter than might have been expected. Sometime about 1844, when *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, and *The Idylls of the King*, were still in the future, the author of a couple of volumes of little-known verse found an appreciative welcome at The Elms, Lower Clapton:

"The retiring and meditative young poet, Alfred Tennyson, visited us, and charmed our seclusion by the recitation of his exquisite poetry. He spent a Sunday night at our house, when we sat talking together until three o'clock in the morning. All the next day he remained with us in constant converse. We seemed to have known him for years. So, in fact, we had, for his poetry was himself. He hailed all attempts at heralding a grand, more liberal state of public opinion, and consequently sweeter, more noble modes of living. He wished that we Englanders could dress up our affections in a little more poetical costume; real warmth of heart would lose nothing, rather gain by it; as it was, our manners were as cold as the walls of our churches."

Though Mary Howitt was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Browning, her references to them are hardly more than casual mentions; and the passages devoted to Dante Rossetti, with whom, at the early period of his career, the Howitts seem to have been intimate, though more substantial, are comparatively brief, and add little to our knowledge. There is a sketch in a letter dated 1861 of "a great pre-Raphaelite crush," where Mrs. Howitt was much impressed by the then novel spectacle of the "uncrinolined women, with their wild hair, which was very beautiful, their picturesque dresses and rich colouring," who "looked like figures out of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures"—a scene which she says left her with the impression of "some hot, struggling dream in which the gorgeous and fantastic forms moved slowly about." Then there is the story of a meeting in Rome with Joaquin Miller, who, in the course of a conversation about the Rossetti family, described Dante as "a fine fellow—a true Saxon," a characterisation which will sound stranger to those who know Rossetti only by his pictures and his books than to his inner circle of intimates, who all testify to the frank *bonhomie* of his free unreserved moments. Perhaps the most interesting of Mrs. Howitt's references to the painter-poet is the last. It occurs in a letter dated "Rome, October 10, 1887." The volume referred to is probably the biography by Mr. Joseph Knight, which was published during that year.

"Now let me thank you with my whole heart for so kindly sending us this very in-

teresting life of Rossetti, of whom we saw a good deal when we lived at the quaint and picturesque little hermitage. We also saw a good deal of Miss Siddall. She was very delicate, and had certainly a marvellous influence on Rossetti; though I never could believe she possessed the artistic genius he ascribed to her, for what she produced had no originality in it. Still, she was in her way an interesting woman, and his love for her like a passionate romantic Italian story. But it is altogether a strange, melancholy history. Of his later pictures I know nothing. The last of his which I saw was a short time before we left England, at his house at Chelsea, where I went with my eldest daughter to call upon him. He was painting beautiful women, it seemed to me, and nothing else, in gardens of roses. His rooms were piled up with heaps of blue and white china, heaps and heaps of it on the tables and even on the floor."

But it is impossible even to enumerate the interesting figures who, one after another, singly or in groups, make their appearance in Mrs. Howitt's winning pages. The reviewer who picks all the "plums" out of a book is a person who is regarded with reasonable terror and resentment by both authors and publishers, who would like to see him on the pillory by the side of that fellow criminal who lets out the secrets of the plot novelist. That bad, bold man is powerless here; and Miss Margaret Howitt and Mr. Isbister may laugh him to scorn, for the book in which they are interested contains little besides plums. Let the little Jack Horners of journalism be as greedy as they will, they can only take a meal, while they leave the materials for a banquet behind them. Some of the more private and personal entries are not less interesting than those relating to persons and events of public import—there is a most charming story of a little girl on a Thames steamer, to whom Mrs. Howitt acted as guardian angel; and the seeker after dull pages will have a weary, fruitless quest. The genial presence of the author makes the atmosphere of the book fresh and fragrant; and to learn to know her as we know her here is to enrich life with a new delight. Last, not least, these volumes are pleasant to look at and to hold. They are beautifully printed; and as the Howitts were, all their lives long, birds of passage, the pretty sketches of their various habitations provide for the happy possessor of the book quite a picture gallery of the "haunts and homes" of the two poets.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Essays on "Supernatural Religion." By J. B. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. (Macmillan.)

A Reply to Dr. Lightfoot's Essays. By the Author of "Supernatural Religion." (Longmans.)

No book on religious controversy, since the famous *Essays and Reviews*, caused such a stir as the anonymous work entitled *Supernatural Religion*. It would be difficult, I think, to explain in a manner complimentary to English scholarship the extent and depth of that commotion. Doubtless it was a work of ability, of acuteness, and, *pace* Dr. Lightfoot, of research; but the ability was more critical than philosophical, the acuteness was forensic

rather than profound, and the research, though considerable, was vitiated by an animus against the traditional sources of Christianity, which at least suggested some distrust of the details of its case. Not the least remarkable feature of the work was its return to the principles and methods of the evidential school of the last century. It was, in fact, "A Trial of the Witnesses" somewhat more shrewd or, may I say, shrewish in its temper, and much more elaborate in its scope, than the well-known *jejeune* work of Sherlock, not to mention that the briefs in both cases were on opposite sides. From a philosophical and rationally Christian standpoint this was itself to be regretted. In view of the more penetrating insight into the origin and essential principles of Christianity which has obtained during this latter half of the nineteenth century, one might have hoped that the arid and inadequate methods of the evidential school, of the Bridgewater treatises, of Paley and his disciples, would not again have characterised an important investigation into the genesis and growth of early Christian literature. But the book was not only something of an anachronism from that point of view, it disclosed an intellectual idiosyncrasy and training on the part of the author which was a serious disqualification for an adequate treatment of the subject.

(1) On a broad survey of the question the book was unphilosophical. It attempted to treat a many-sided spiritual movement, with large ramifications not only into Judaism but into the mystical developments of late Greek philosophy, as if it were a petty law process—the disputed signature of a will, for example, in which the failure of a witness in cross-examination might be regarded as the collapse of the whole case. (2) It proved that the author had no psychological training in the formation of human beliefs and their constituents, and was ignorant of the extent which subjective conditions play in the reception of all beliefs. (3) It further proved that, with pronounced ethical sympathies and culture, the author suffered from a defect, evidently congenital, of spiritual sympathy and imagination. His mental affinities bore a curious and striking resemblance to those of the English Deists of the last century; or, adducing a modern instance, he manifested the imperfectly developed emotional nature and the preevish religious one-sidedness of a Robert Elsmere. (4) Worse than all, the author approved himself a dogmatist—his own negative axioms and convictions being just as arbitrary and positive as the dogmas of traditional Christianity which he attacked. That he manifested the unphilosophical characteristics of extreme dogmatism need hardly be added. He showed no sufficing recognition, e.g., of the relativity of human knowledge, and of the necessity for caution and suspense in most departments of thought which deal either with a remote past or with a distant future; nor did he take the least account of faith as a condition of admittedly imperfect certitude—i.e., from the standpoint of intellectual demonstration.

As a result of these defects, *Supernatural Religion* contained no adequate consideration of the meaning of "supernatural," no sufficing investigation into the genesis of the term, no attempt which could claim to be philosophical to discriminate the various significations the

word has enjoyed at different times. The term was taken generally as equivalent to miraculous—in the sense of being outside the limit of ordinary experience. Nor did the work contain any attempt to estimate the evidential force of oral tradition in the case of a society whose initiatory stages—surrounded by inhibitions and proscriptions—must necessarily be veiled in secrecy; and in which the distinction between exoteric and esoteric teaching was confessedly developed at a very early period. Nor, again, did the book distinguish even approximately the substance of the Gospel narrative—i.e., its true spirit, in Pauline phrase—from the literal and outward form it must needs have taken among the contemporaries of Christ. Thus, to take a single illustration often adduced for a similar purpose, anyone who considers how such a spiritual and metaphysical conception as the Logos or Divine Wisdom taking human embodiment would be interpreted by the Palestinian Jews of our Lord's time would have no difficulty in reconciling the first chapter of St. John with the early portions of two of the Synoptics.

With these limitations and imperfections the book resolved itself into an examination of the early Fathers in order to ascertain how far their testimony could be accepted for the authenticity of the Gospel narrative. The author investigates what Eusebius said or left unsaid as to the existence of the Gospels in his own day, what evidence is furnished by Papias, Polycarp, or the Ignatian Epistles on the same point. That this testimony is not, either in extent or cogency, what we might demand, from our modern standpoint of literary verification, may readily be admitted. Like other enquirers into the same subject, the author of *Supernatural Religion* seems to have come late in life into the field of early Christian evidence; and his work is the hasty, pretentious, and one-sided expression of his surprise that the external proofs of the Gospel narratives are neither so early nor so convincing as is commonly supposed. I am far from thinking that the outburst of indignant wonderment, mingled with an ostentatious parade of learning on the part of such enquirers, is unnatural or unjustified. It has been the general mark of those who insist on extraneous proofs of the truth of Christianity or the authenticity of its records that they have unduly magnified the character and extent of the patristic corroboration of their position. Evidence merely presumptive they have regarded as conclusive. Probability they have exaggerated into certainty; while a few weak links of cumulative proof are developed into absolute demonstration. The worst of it is that this warping or overstraining of Christian evidences is certain to provoke reprisals. The attempt at over-magnifying is at once met by a determined effort to underestimate. The testimony of Papias—to take a crucial example in the controversy between Bishop Lightfoot and the author of *Supernatural Religion*—does not on the surface sanction the supposition that the Bishop of Hierapolis was aware of the existence of the Canonical Gospels in his time; while his statement seems to prove that the materials of our Gospels—derived from credible eye-witnesses—were then in process of being consolidated into a permanent form. Here is a witness whose deficiencies are as much ex-

aggerated by the author of *Supernatural Religion* as they are unduly minimised by Dr. Lightfoot and other of our apologetic theologians. Surely what is needed on both sides is a little more regard for ingenuousness, for literary honesty, a little more attention to the fact that truth is not only qualitative, but quantitative, and that both an over- and an under-estimate of its actual amount partakes of the nature of falsehood. That we possess evidence from various sources of a marvellous solidarity of Gospel tradition previous to A.D. 150 must be admitted by both evidential theologians and their adversaries. That such testimony, though mainly oral, might under given circumstances possess a validity which we, in our very different times, are wholly unable to determine I regard as highly probable. But that the evidence is overwhelmingly strong, still less that it suffices to prove the existence of our Gospels at the above date, cannot truthfully be asserted. There is enough evidence of authenticity and credibility to satisfy the belief of the willing, but not to compel the conviction of the reluctant, believer. Enough for a ground of probability or faith, but not enough for absolute demonstration.

I have already set forth what I consider to be the defects of *Supernatural Religion*. That it has merits I should not dream of denying; though, as they are more on the surface, there is less need to point them out. The chief value of the work is that it is a handbook of anti-Christian evidence; and it may therefore pair off with Lardner's collection of testimonies on the other side, or any similar work. It was inevitable that the arguments of such a work should be critically examined, and no theologian was better qualified for such an office than Dr. Lightfoot. He succeeded in pointing out various shortcomings, both of textual scholarship and of critical inference, which certainly implied both inadequate equipment and an *animus* wholly irreconcileable with impartial and trustworthy investigation. Whether, however, the bishop's criticisms merited republication in their original form seems to me more open to question. The author of *Supernatural Religion* had in subsequent editions of his book modified so largely many of the passages inculpated in the bishop's essays that their criticisms were already out of date. Dr. Lightfoot seems herein to have forgotten the first canon of controversial writing, which requires the controverted matter to be taken in its very latest form. If he could have been induced to recast his essays into a critical treatise on the whole question, incorporating and consolidating their permanent elements—the considerations and ratiocinations best adapted to meet the objections not only of *Supernatural Religion*, but of every work of similar bias on the same theme—he would have produced a treatise of inestimable value. As it is, many of his best points, his most carefully elaborated arguments, his perpetual elucidations of incidental subjects, whether in Biblical exegesis or in patristic research, are found blended with personalities, occasional allusions, temporary arguments, trivial, or at least unimportant, criticisms, and similar ephemeral products of controversial writing. Then, too, he might have considered the advisability of attacking the citadel instead of setting himself to demolish the outworks—

i.e., he might have considered the sense or senses in which Christianity has a fair claim to be considered "supernatural." Practically, of course, this would have been a new work; but it would be worth doing, and few would care to challenge Dr. Lightfoot's competency to undertake it. It would also have the effect of lifting the discussion of an important theme, which must always stir human interest as long as Christianity lasts, from the inferior position of literary opportunism, and from the transient and sordid trivialities which must needs beset controversial writing.

Little need be added as to the Reply to Dr. Lightfoot's collected essays which the author of *Supernatural Religion* has just published. The book consists of the article that appeared in the *Fortnightly* in 1875, and other matter contributed to later editions of his book. With these he has incorporated a new chapter on a recent discovery of an alleged Arabic version of Tatian's *Diatessaron*. But, taken as a whole, the Reply does not seem to me to add anything of value to the original work. Those who care to see the inferences the author is inclined to draw from his discussion of the whole theme of supernatural religion may be referred to the "Conclusions" which were first published in the complete edition of the larger work. They are interesting from more than one point of view; but they serve, in my opinion, to justify the accusation of excessive dogmatism which characterises the author's writings.

JOHN OWEN.

My Lyrical Life: Poems Old and New. By Gerald Massey. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

MR. GERALD MASSEY published in 1854 a volume containing "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," and became for a time a popular poet. Three more volumes of his verse appeared at intervals, the last, "A Tale of Eternity," about twenty years ago. *My Lyrical Life* reproduces "the better part" of these volumes; and the title is chosen because his poetry represents only one half of the author's literary career.

In an explanatory note, remarkable for its cheerful egotism, Mr. Massey suggests that, since he ceased writing poetry in mid-life, "he has a kind of right to rank with those poets who died young, and thus invited a gentler judgment for their verse." When a writer couples his own name with that of Mr. Browning, and points with complacency to over-generous praise of himself by Landor, the invitation to treat him gently is received with a certain diffidence. Rigorous criticism, as Mr. Massey perhaps knows, would deal severely with his style. Here a few general remarks may suffice. Had Mr. Massey possessed the faculty of self-criticism in even a slight degree, much of the contents of these volumes would not have been written; and, instead of seven hundred pages, he would have been content to issue a selection amounting to less than a third of what he has reprinted. There are writers of the present day with only half Mr. Massey's force whose verse may live long, because they began to write at a time when some degree of perfection in form had been made practically common. It was Mr. Massey's fortune to

be influenced by the laureate before "all had got the seed." He never learned the secret of the "fine-filed phrase," the painful casting of line by line, the annealing, the patient damascening. He is always in a hurry, and rushes at his subject, sometimes in the proverbial non-angelic manner. He perceives dimly a thing waiting to be said, or hopes at least to hit on something worth saying; and he does not care how the introduction halts along. As a consequence his pieces are occasionally all introduction. He plunges carelessly, if hopefully, to the end without making the expected point. Then he seems never to have set himself to master any measure. He cannot sustain the rhythm of a long line. Monotony is avoided in his short-lined pieces by a constant introduction of irregularities; and, in his longer poems, in order to keep himself fresh, he changes the stanza somewhat in the manner of "Maud." That years have not brought the critical mind is shown by the alterations made in this edition in "Babe Christabel." The wrong word is frequently substituted for the right one of the first edition, and at least two good youthful verses have been struck out.

Whether or not Mr. Massey is to take rank as a poet in the highest sense, he may be accepted as a man of genius. To get to the soul of his work the faulty form must be disregarded, and the political, mystical, and pseudo-scientific writing set aside, leaving for consideration a quantity of sentimental verse. This separation puts out of court "A Tale of Eternity"—a piece which has been deemed Mr. Massey's highest poetic achievement. It certainly contains many strong lines and powerful passages, and the writing is more compact than is usual with him; but the subject—the famous theological problem, Why God does not kill the Devil—is not suited for poetry. The mistake that whatever interests and moves must be fit matter for poetic treatment is a common one with the author. Of his miscellaneous verse, "Cousin Winnie," "In Memoriam," and the lines on Thackeray are perhaps the best. The first, with its half-playful pathos, is a delightful boy's piece. There is nothing of precisely the same kind in our poetry. It might have been written by a full-blooded, athletic Hood—a poet with whom Mr. Massey has much in common. Carlyle pronounced "In Memoriam" to be heroic. He probably referred to the admirable opening lines, which are the best blank verse Mr. Massey has written. His "Apologues" are not particularly noteworthy. One of them, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is quaint and dainty. It is in his narrative poems, songs, and ballads that Mr. Massey's originality appears.

His muse is essentially domestic: it might be called matrimonial. If love in Mr. Patmore's poems may be distinguished as a middle-class divinity, in these volumes one can detect the Cupid of the masses. From the beginning it is a home that the devotee of this popular, though not ignoble, god loves. The vision that is with him in the factory or the mine, and in his miserable lodging, is a bright parlour with a pleasant woman and a baby. No bower or boudoir, no garden of Adonis, but solid comfort is the desired environment. For him there is no right happiness or right existence apart from

the domestic ideal. He knew a poet once,

"But he was lost for lack of that sweet thing,
A Wife, to live his love's dear dream of beauty."

He cannot help thinking that had Byron been a good family man he would have been a better poet. He believes in a "Pegasus in Harness":

"Poor Pegasus! to turn the mill,
And grind, and pull the plough until
The work his withers wrings!
Why not? 'tis he should do it best,
And tread his measure easiest,
Or where's the use of wings?"

The pathetic incidents are the death of the child or the parents. Sometimes the pathos is true human anguish, sometimes it is unintellectual, and therefore only half human or foolish. He desires this life for all. He would plant the idea in his fellow-workmen; he would make sacrifices to raise them to his level. He is in travail for the poor and oppressed. It is no ignoble worship, this of the Cupid of the masses; and it requires genuine talent to present it with such power as we find in "Babe Christabel," "The Mother's Idol broken," "An Orphan Family's Christmas," "Lady Laura," and in many songs and ballads. Whatever may be the final judgment on Mr. Massey the most unsympathetic reader could hardly fail to be convinced that these poems are the frank utterances of a man of genius.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Russian Pictures. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Thomas Michell, C.B. (Religious Tract Society.)

As a popular work intended to make the ordinary English reader more fully acquainted with the great Russian empire and to pave the way for a better understanding between the two nations, Mr. T. Michell's book deserves a cordial welcome. He brings many qualifications to the task: he is well acquainted with the language; he appears to have resided long in the country, and is no novice in describing it, as is shown by his having compiled the valuable handbook for Russia published by Mr. Murray. He writes in a fair and impartial spirit, and gives so many signs of a true sympathy with his subject that we feel we can trust him. How racy, for instance, is his description of the hearty sea captain at Nizhni Novgorod (p. 106)! Such a vivid sketch makes one feel that Mr. Michell must himself be a jovial companion.

No part of Russia has recently been brought before us more prominently than Siberia and its exiles, and we therefore recommend to the notice of our readers Mr. Michell's remarks on the subject on p. 178:

"No honest critic can accuse the present Government or the superior officials of Russia of intentional cruelty or negligence in the matter of deportation. But, although a very great deal has been done to mitigate the sufferings of condemned felons and banished revolutionists, a Russian Howard would undoubtedly still find a large field of activity in watching over and improving the system in its details, at centres remote from the eyes of philanthropic governors. . . . Corporal punishment having been abolished in 1863, the

penalty of death is now inflicted only in cases of political and other crimes 'requiring special measures of repression'; and the punishment for the most atrocious murder, or series of murders, does not exceed twenty years' hard labour. In this respect it appears necessary that a doom of labour in the mines of Nercinsk should have a considerable amount of salutary terror to prospective criminals. . . . As regards the generality of political exiles, it cannot in truth be said that their lot in Siberia, except in its polar region, is now a very hard one, after they have once reached the places of their banishment. They are cordially received by the local inhabitants—themselves to a great extent the descendants of exiles—and are able to find occupation and recreation of one kind or another."

In common fairness we ought to place these remarks by the side of the somewhat sensational statements of Mr. George Kennan. Mr. Michell writes from a knowledge of the country, which appears to extend over many years. Mr. Kennan's visit was comparatively a short one.

The general plan of the present work is a happy one. It is to take the reader through the chief cities of the empire from Novgorod to Tiflis. The handsome engravings are accompanied by descriptions of the localities, which are connected by short historical summaries, written in a graphic and lively style.

The pictures are, for the most part, good. We recognise many which have done duty before in Schuyler's *Peter the Great* (an excellent work) and Buchan Telfer's *Crimea and Transcaucasia*, but they are none the worse on that account. The engraving, however, of the landing of Chancellor in 1553 at Kholmogori is rather a poor copy of that which we remember to have seen in *Niva*; and the plate representing an ancient pirate-raid on the Volga is a mere fancy picture from Mottley's *History of Russia*—a worthless compilation of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. It shows the treatment which a captured princess underwent at the hands of the notorious rebel Stenka Razin.

Wherever there is a good story to be told about a place, Mr. Michell knows it, and gives it us in an amusing form. We are not disposed to entirely agree with him in his remarks upon Georgia and the inhabitants of the Caucasus. Whatever regrets the Georgians may have felt at the loss of their independence, it is quite certain that they would have disappeared from the roll of nations had they not succeeded in obtaining a powerful protector. In 1795 the Persians had almost levelled Tiflis with the ground; and the old city would be quite lost to us had not Sir John Chardin given us a picture in his delightful travels, published towards the close of the seventeenth century. Thousands of captives had at different times been carried off to Persia. Mr. Michell speaks of the Caucasus as if there had been at any time any political solidarity between the tribes which inhabited it; whereas the Georgians had always greatly suffered from the Lezghians and other barbarians. With the struggles of Shamyl and his bands against the Russians, they had absolutely no sympathy, being aliens in religion, race, and language. We well remember that, at the time of the Crimean War, so little was understood in England about the relations of the tribes of the Caucasus to each other and to Russia, that the allies were amazed at find-

ing no support given to Omar Pasha and his hordes by the Mingrelians when they invaded the country in 1855; as if, forsooth, the people who had suffered so much from the Turks and other Mussulman barbarians were eager to be "delivered" by them from the Russians. Nor can we consider the appellation of Tatar chief applied by Mr. Michell to Shamyl at all correct. This redoubtless warrior was born in the village of Ghimra about the year 1797 of Lesghian parents. Those ethnologists, including Baron Uslar, who have scientifically classified the motley populations of the Caucasus do not in any way connect the Lesghians with the Tatar peoples. Much sentiment has, in our opinion, been wasted upon Shamyl and his adherents. Had they been natives of any of our Indian territories, and waged war against our *raj*, we should probably have had very different opinions about them. With their predatory habits, it was impossible for such races to adopt a peaceful mode of life; and they accordingly emigrated to Turkey, where the Ottomans ingeniously settled many of them among the Bulgarians with the object of thinning the Slavonic population. How they fared there will be ascertained by anybody curious in the matter who will read the Bulgarian travels of M. Constantine Jireček, recently published in Bohemia. We believe there has been a talk of "settling" some others for the same reasons among the Armenians. The depopulation of the Caucasus has often been thrown in the teeth of the Russians. We must remember, however, that if the emigration of its inhabitants from a country in large numbers be a sign of oppressive government, after all, as Prince Gorchakov ironically reminded Lord Russell, the exodus in recent times of four millions of Irish from their native country may fairly be set (to take official statistics) against the flight of about five hundred thousand Circassians between 1858 and 1865.

A very well-written part of Mr. Michell's book is that which treats of the Khanates and the progress of Russia in Central Asia. These pages will, no doubt, be read with much interest. The cities of Bokhara and Samarkand are admirably described, and the proceedings of the conquerors discussed with an impartiality especially noteworthy, if we consider how these recent Russian acquisitions have aroused the wrath of the British lion. Mr. Michell does not forget to tell us that, since the advent of Russian rule, the great slave traffic at Khiva has been stopped, and at the outset 37,000 slaves were released. In the same way, by the treaty of Kuchuk-Kainardji in 1774, an end was put to the disgraceful sale of Circassian slaves at Anapa. The engravings illustrating this part of Mr. Michell's book strike us as especially good.

Finland, Poland, and other Russian dependencies are also carefully treated. We think, however, that our author will do well to reject the fanciful views of Szajnocha about the Norse settlement of Poland, mentioned on p. 204.

We must reluctantly call attention to a few errors which have struck us in the book. What would a reviewer be without the privilege of faultfinding? But surely there is no warrant for saying that Olga founded Pskov

(p. 24). Nestor says she was born there; ergo it must have already been in existence. Again, Ivan VI., who had such a short reign as an infant and such a tragical end in the fortress of Schlüsselburg, was not the son of the Empress Elizabeth, as stated on p. 55, but of Anna Leopoldovna, the regent, and her husband, Anthony Ulrich. Mr. Michell's narrative here is very confused, as Biren (so his name ought to be written) was the favourite of the Empress Anna, and most certainly not, as here asserted, the father of the unfortunate Ivan. On p. 122, when speaking of the nickname of the Malo-Russians, "holoh," or, as we should prefer writing it, "khokhol," Mr. Michell does not tell us that it was given them from their habit of wearing a conspicuous tuft of hair. What a pity it is that people will go on repeating Campbell's blunder as our author does (p. 208), in calling Praga, the suburb of Warsaw, "Prague"—a name which it never bore, and which leads to a confusion with the Bohemian city. The poet was, no doubt, as much mystified about it as he was about the pronunciation of the name Wyoming and the scenery connected with the locality so-called. Lastly, Mr. Michell should not allow himself, as on p. 207, to talk about "a *pacts converta*."

These, however, are but trifling faults. If we want to read a concise account of Russia, genially and sympathetically treated by a man who knows the country well, and has taken care to have his pages illustrated with some good engravings, command us, we say, to this book.

W. R. MORFILL.

Historic Oddities and Strange Events. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)

In his farrago of "Historical Oddities" Mr. Baring-Gould must admit the charge of having, for once, trafficked in downright book-making. Most of its contents have already appeared in magazine form; and the only excuse for their collection in a volume is a growing custom, but more honoured in the breach than the observance, of republishing magazine contributions. But the book is not without interest all the same. Mr. Baring-Gould gives a clear and exhaustive account of the unconsidered trifles he has rescued from oblivion, although he is not of much assistance in settling disputed questions.

The narratives which will enlist most attention are those of Bathurst's disappearance, the Duchess of Kingston's marvellous career, and General Mallet's conspiracy. Benjamin Bathurst, the English diplomatist whose fate is still shrouded in mystery, was the agent dispatched to Austria in 1809, when the Viennese cabinet was nerving itself for one more trial of strength with Napoleon. His mission was successful; and Bathurst incurred, or believed himself to have incurred, the special enmity of the victor of Wagram. After the Austrian collapse he started home in disguise, and on November 25, 1809, reached Perleberg—a stage between Berlin and Hamburg. He was to have resumed his journey at seven o'clock, and stepped out in the dark court-yard to the horses' heads, while his luggage was being put on his carriage. From that moment he was never seen again, and no certain traces of him were ever discovered.

His family, partly relying on some loose assertions of a French spy, believed him to have been spirited away by Napoleon's emissaries; and Napoleon was obliged to deny the accusation. Bathurst himself certainly anticipated some such fate; but, according to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who knew him personally, he was "subject to strong nervous impressions." Indeed, the nervous excitement he evinced at Perleberg enabled the French papers to insinuate that he had committed suicide. This, however, does not seem probable. It is equally difficult to believe that Napoleon, after Wagram, should have had any strong interest in kidnapping Bathurst and seizing his papers. Before Wagram the case would have been very different. Mr. Baring-Gould inclines to the more plausible explanation that the unfortunate man was murdered for his money.

In his account of Elizabeth Chudleigh, the famous Duchess of Kingston, who was tried by the peers for bigamy in 1776, Mr. Baring-Gould also takes the common-sense view about the evidence for the first marriage, which eventually made her Countess of Bristol. But the matter is certainly one that admits of divers speculations. His description of her career, however, is not so full as it might be; although there is enough to show how Elizabeth Chudleigh might have furnished Thackeray, as she probably did, with several traits both in the youthful Beatrice Esmond and in the old Baroness Bernstein.

We get a much clearer narrative of the remarkable conspiracy of General Mallet, the Republican soldier who had the foresight to predict the failure of Napoleon's expedition to Moscow, and attempted a *coup de main* which very nearly put him in temporary possession of Paris. But whether Mallet, but for his untimely recognition by Laborde, would have been able to hold his own is another question. Certainly, if intrepidity could have won the day, the general would have succeeded all along the line. It is interesting to note, among the list of the Provisional Government that he drew up, the name of Carnot, "the organiser of victory," occurring as vice-president.

Mr. Baring-Gould has also resuscitated the strange figure of the wonder-working Prince Hohenlohe, of whom he takes a more favourable view than was adopted by Dr. Wolff, although the collapse of the prince's miraculous powers when brought to a crucial test rather bears out the latter. However, there is quite as much evidence for the cures worked by the prince at first as there is for most miracles, and there is no reason why he should not be credited with successes in the art of "faith-healing."

"Schweinichen's Memoirs" afford a curious picture of German manners, and in "Countess Goerlitz" Mr. Baring-Gould brings us to a more modern sensation. But his analysis of the locksmith Gamain's allegation that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had attempted to poison him is of greater historical interest. It is a good illustration of the way in which some of the myths of the French Revolution arose.

C. E. DAWKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

The Master of Ballantrae. By R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell.)

Paul's Sister. By F. M. Pearn. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

My Lord Othello. By Henry Cresswell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Dead Sailor, and other Stories. By Sir J. C. Robinson. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

To Him that Overcometh. By Mona. (Remington.)

Andrewina. By J. S. Fletcher. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

The Devil's Whisper. By R. Barnett. (Walter Scott.)

ONE of Mr. Stevenson's many merits lies in the fact that he scarcely ever repeats himself. The devil's advocate may, indeed (for what is there that he may not), urge that this is a sign that Mr. Stevenson has not even yet quite found his way, but is still exploring this way and that. We prefer to accept the fact and register it as an excellence. *The Master of Ballantrae*, accordingly, is, in at least its general characteristics, quite as unlike *Treasure Island* (save that there are pirates and a buried treasure, both of which are altogether subordinate) as that is unlike *Kidnapped*, and as all three are (praise be to heaven!) unlike *Prince Otto*, and as all four are unlike the *Black Arrow* (we, speaking personally, are holders of *Black Arrows*, and quite content to wait for the rise). A favourite incident or two recurs no doubt, but that is of no importance. And there also recurs Mr. Stevenson's peculiar style; the recurrence of its least commendable features being, of course, most noticeable. Almost the only expression of dislike that we have for *The Master of Ballantrae* connects itself with this style, and concerns that characteristic which Mr. Stevenson's most incompetent admirers admire most—its excessive, and sometimes intrusive, elaboration. It constantly seems as if Mr. Stevenson had written a plain thing in a plain way, and then had struck out this epithet and substituted that, so as to give his language, if not his thought, the gorgeousness and distinction, indeed, of some sorts of embroidery, but also their stiffness and want of adaptation to a variety of purposes. He has imposed an additional hamper upon himself and has unnecessarily constrained his story by putting it all in the mouth of the steward Ephraim Mackellar. We may ask Mr. Stevenson, who loves Sir Walter nearly as much (we shall not admit that any living soul loves him quite as much) as we do ourselves, why Scott did not make Dominie Sampson tell the whole story of *Guy Mannering*? Nobody knew so much about it as the Dominie; no one had a style more piquant than he. The answer is found to hand in a sentence of Mr. Stevenson's own dedication—"The problem of Mackellar's homespun, and how to shape it for superior flights." Scott knew that constant attention to a "problem" of this kind is apt to impede the march of the story. "L'abonné ne s'amuse pas franchement; il est gêné par le style" (to repeat for the *nth* time a quotation originally applied to a style which is mere facile fluency com-

pared to that of Mr. Stevenson and his models), and not perhaps by the style only. But, after this, we need hint no more doubts of any kind, nor hesitate even the slightest dislike. The power displayed in *The Master of Ballantrae* is greater than that displayed in any previous book of the author's. The detached and detachable passages are more brilliant, and the evolution (in spite of the top-hamper above referred to) of the story is better managed, and especially more complete. It has been charged with some justice against Mr. Stevenson that he huddles up his *dénouements*; but this accusation will certainly not lie here. Against another—that the story is too "disagreeable" and of too unbroken gloom—it may be less easy to make head; but it would be a rash dictum that the artist may not if he chooses make occasional experiments of this kind. We say nothing about the plot or chief characters because, owing to the circumstances of publication, these are pretty widely known. But the great merit of the book is that, as our neighbours would say, it "enfists" the reader. He may pish and pshaw at occasional conceits of style, he may note reminiscences of *Barry Lyndon* and other things, he may—much as he must enjoy Mackellar—sometimes wish to be rid of him for a time. He may, in particular, think that Secundra Dass, the Indian, is too much like a mixture of Jos Sedley's "native" and Juma the Strangler. But the fist is on his collar and he cannot choose (and would not choose if he could) but go on. This is a great thing and a rare, perhaps the greatest and the rarest. The mere "absorbing interest" spell is quite a different and much commoner thing, and is differentiated from the grasp of which we are speaking by the fact that it does not last, as a rule, after the book is once read. There is no possibility of forgetting *The Master of Ballantrae*. If we had space to dwell on particular points, we should specify, besides the much and justly praised duel scene, which forms the central point of the long debate between Henry Durie and his brother the Master, the altogether admirable narrative of Colonel Francis Burke, which may hold up its head in the very best company of its kind.

The author of *Paul's Sister* seldom does bad work in her own way, but her present book is, we think, above her average. The situation is a good one. Norma Winyeatt, the heroine, has a tremendous shock in very early married life owing to the sudden death of her husband from heart disease and in circumstances which, rightly or wrongly, make her think that she has neglected or been unjust to him. We find her again, some years later, still pros'rated with this feeling, and owing to it sacrificing herself to "Paul's sister" Lucy. How far the sacrifice goes and how it is prevented from being complete the reader may find out. The scenes and characters are rather unusually good. The heroine, indeed, is not particularly interesting, having both in her unregenerate and her regenerate days a certain character of feminine priggishness. Nor does her lover, George Lawrence, greatly appeal to us; for he is one of the people who are described as wonderfully clever without giving any signs of it, and his conduct in his love affairs is merely chuckle-headed. But

Lucy Winyeatt is excellent as a portrait of a by no means uncommon type of woman, not exactly bad-hearted but almost perfectly selfish and perpetually scheming. Many of the minor characters are good too, especially the Irish Major Macarthy, who combines some all but angelic characteristics (he actually loses his life for his friend) with the most maddening incompetence—to say nothing worse—about money; and a certain Janet Somerville, who is in all things the opposite of Lucy. The "Rivermouth" descriptions (but why does not Miss Peard talk of Dartmouth as boldly as she does of Dover?) are vivid; and, of course, there is a dog. It would be impossible for the author to write a dogless story; and, to do her justice, the dog is usually a good dog.

Although "slating" has gone out of fashion, there are occasions when it is permissible for the critic to speak his mind without mealy-mouthedness. We take permission for such speaking in the case of *My Lord Othello*, which is, in our humble opinion, about as preposterous nonsense as was ever put on paper. Mr. Cresswell has a certain facility of writing, and his heroine, Beatrice Ferguson, has some pathetic touches. But the whole history of her relations with an impossible kind of monster of vulgarity and brutality, called Oswald Clifford, as well as those of "My Lord Othello" (who is not so vulgar as Clifford, but more of a fool, and not much less of a brute) with his wife Kate, and the subsequent criss-crossing between the Othello and Beatrice, is a tissue of improbable and sometimes disgusting extravagance. And we really do not know whether the shrouds or the (re)-marriage bells of the end are the more unpleasant. The best idea we can give of the book is that it is like an Elizabethan drama of the madder kind, without the genius, and with the repulsive and absurd details thrown up by the modernising of the language and manners.

Sir J. C. Robinson's *Dead Sailor, and other Stories*, make pleasant reading enough, though the fourth—an attempt to fit a haunted chamber with a legend of the haunting—is not equal to the others. As the author has in two—the "Dead Suitor of Trimingham" (an unrationised variant of our friend the "Little Hunchback") and "St. Margaret's Pearls"—taken Norfolk for his scene, it is almost a pity that he did not try his hand at explaining "fictionally" (as the new English says) the accepted legend of that county about the four chairs which, let the room be arranged as it may when lights are put out and doors locked, appear ranged in front of the fire in the morning. In many respects Norfolk is great among English counties, but in few is it greater than in its ghost stories. One, however, of Sir J. C. Robinson's subjects is Spanish, not Norfolcian. The adventures of Don Ignacio Giron at the haunted *venta* near Jaen are agreeable. And let us specially thank Sir J. C. Robinson for not euhemerising any of his stories.

Few and evil are the words that we can say of *To Him that Overcometh*. It is (though even in criminality the author is feeble and halting) written mainly in the present tense. There is a young lady in it who says (seriously and in a moment of pas-

sion): "I consider him a very mean-spirited young man." There is a French maid who addresses her mistress (a lady) as "the *pauvrette*," and bids her "restez tranquille." There are changed heirs and secret marriages, and sentences a page long, which start afresh with a noble independence at every half-dozen or dozen lines. In short (with apologies to Mr. Gilbert), "there's nothing that there ought to be, and everything there oughtn't to."

The two shilling dreadfules at the end of our list are quite up to the average of the daily dreadful kind—and whether that means much, or little, or what it means we decline to say further. *Andreaclina* (an awful appellation, but not impossible to the blameless Hyperboreans; we once knew a poor lady who was *affublée* with the name of "Jamesina"), when her godfathers and godmothers in her baptism might have achieved their purpose harmlessly, nay elegantly, by calling her Jacqueline or Jacquette) is rather spoilt by a loathsome description of the hideousness of the heroine, or quasi-heroine, and by a stage Yankee; but otherwise has some pith. *The Devil's Whisper* has to do with the ways of provincial police and provincial journalism. Both authors seem to have seen their public, and gone fairly straight for it.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Treasury of Sacred Song. Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries. With Notes, Explanatory and Biographical, by Francis T. Palgrave. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.) It is twenty-eight years since Mr. Palgrave, then fellow of Exeter College, opened the "Golden Treasury" series with that anthology of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language which has approved itself to the popular judgment by a sale of more than sixty thousand copies. Having now gained the blue ribbon in literary criticism that his university has to bestow, he comes before us as professor of poetry with a companion anthology of sacred song, which has been produced in the best style of the Clarendon Press. With this large paper volume in foolscap quarto before us, embellished with a glorious title-page, it is not difficult to understand why the delegates carried off the highest honours at the Paris Exhibition as papermakers, printers, and bookbinders. And the contents are worthy of their material dress, as they could hardly fail to be with such a subject and so approved an editor. No doubt the task was rendered comparatively easy, partly by the sanction of classical rank which the public voice has already given, and partly by the labours of predecessors. The third volume in the "Golden Treasury" series was Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise* (1862), confined to hymns; *English Sacred Lyrics* appeared in the "Parchment Library" in 1884; the same publishers issued a collection of *Victorian Hymns* in 1887; and only last year Mr. S. Waddington edited a volume of *Sacred Song* for the "Canterbury Poets." But it is needless to say that Mr. Palgrave's selection is marked not only by his own individuality, but also by his extensive reading. As characteristic of the former we may mention the liberal space allowed to Herbert and Vaughan, to Keble and Newman; while evidence of the latter is shown by his borrowings from Mr.

A. H. Bullen's reprints of rare Elizabethan Lyrics (1888 and 1889), and from the little-known Catholic hymns appended to Mr. W. T. Brooke's edition of *Christ's Victory and Triumph* (1888). Some, however, may feel surprised at finding certain names altogether unrepresented, e.g., Pope, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold. And—for such a volume should be flawless—we must demur to the inverted commas given to "classic" Hawthorn den on p. 333, and would call attention to two cases of false accentuation on p. 359.

Verses written in India. By Sir Alfred Lyall. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Under this modest title Sir Alfred Lyall has at last consented to collect those ballads which have hitherto lain scattered—some of them for more than a quarter of a century—in odd numbers of magazines or in still less accessible files of Indian newspapers, but of which stray snatches live imprinted on the memories of all who have once read or heard them. To criticise them now would be gratuitous, if not impertinent. They present pictures of certain phases of life and thought, native and Anglo-Indian, told in stirring verse of which Kingsley need not have been ashamed. It is probably not to be expected that the series will be continued, for the best of them draw their inspiration from a period of excitement that now seems far remote; though we cannot but regret that certain other characters and incidents of the Mutiny have not found in Sir Alfred their *vates sacer*. What would we not give for a self-portrait of Outram or Hodson, of the Rani of Jhansi or the last of the Moghuls, drawn by his sympathetic pen? But surely it is not too much to hope that the comparative leisure of the Indian Council will allow Sir Alfred to give us a sequel to *Asiatic Studies*, which dates back as long ago as 1882. The present volume appears in Mr. Kegan Paul's elegant "Elzevir" series, where we make bold to prophecy for it equal popularity with its companion volumes by Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang. One thing more. As Sir Alfred's verses have hitherto suffered sadly, as they passed from mouth to mouth, by what we may call the equivalent of misprints, so we venture to suggest to him whether one of these lapses does not survive in the ante-penultimate line of p. 25. For "haunted" read "hunted."

THE latest issue in Messrs. Trübner's "Lotos" series—decked out in a yet more bewitching cover than its predecessors—is Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia*, which we suppose may be called the most popular poem of the present generation. It is illustrated not only with some of the woodcuts from the handsome drawing-room edition of 1885, but also with a very lifelike portrait for frontispiece. We can imagine no more acceptable present for this season than any of these three volumes of verse.

The Poet's Bible. Selected by W. Garrett Horder. Old Testament Section. (Ibsister.) It is a wonder that this book should be apparently almost the "first in the field." A selection of poems on subjects from the Bible would seem likely to be one of the most desired of anthologies, as well as one of the most desirable. Mr. Horder has in this volume completed a work commenced some years ago in a selection confined to subjects from the New Testament; and, so far as poetical merit is concerned, it is quite as valuable as its predecessor. It is possible that there are some valuable sources from which Mr. Horder has not drawn; but, after carefully looking through his book, we cannot discover any. The Old Testament has not been a favourite source of inspiration to modern poets, except in a few cases like those of John Keble and Richard Wilton, whose muse is essentially biblical. Tennyson supplies only one extract (from "The Dream of Fair Women"), Browning but three, Clough five,

Longfellow five, Coventry Patmore three. Mr. Horder would have found his task more difficult but for Milton, Dante, and Quarles; but from one source or another he has managed to compile a very interesting volume of fine poetry.

In Some Eminent Women of our Times (Macmillan). Mrs. Henry Fawcett has shown that women's devotion to literature in modern times, far from being incompatible with, is most frequently accompanied by, that enthusiasm for the welfare of society which specially forms the glory of womanhood. The lives of some two dozen of the most high-minded of English-women—Sister Dora, Caroline Herschel, Jane Austen, and the like—are here gracefully told, and the moral value of their characters impartially estimated. Excessive laudation, that vice of most biographies, is absent from these studies. It is superfluous to recommend Mrs. Fawcett's book to every thoughtful woman, and the cheapness of the volume ought to secure it a large circulation.

Prince Vance. By Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates. (Walter Smith & Innes.) This excellent tale reminds us of nearly every fairy story we ever read, and of *Gulliver*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *Alice in Wonderland* as well. We fear it belongs to the Eclectic School of nursery fiction; but that does not prevent it from being very amusing and very original too. "The boy Orio" ought to have been a very happy boy indeed, if he had many such stories invented for him in his childhood. We have an objection to "funny men," but the Funny Man—Prince Vance's Funny Man—is an exception. In real life he might have his drawbacks, but in a book he is splendid—such a jovial companion, so excellent a guide, so hospitable a host. Prince Vance meets a good many interesting people in the course of his journey to the Crushed Strawberry Wizard with his father and mother, and a whole court in a doll's house on his back; but he meets with no one to compare with the Funny Man. The brass monkey is good, very good also are—but we will not anticipate the pleasure of reading the book, but only add that Mr. Frank Myrick's illustrations enter fully into the spirit of the author.

Wee Folk Good Folk. A Fantasy. By Ethel M. Wilmot Buxton. (Sampson Low.) This "Fantasy" is prettily written. It is about a little cripple who longed to see the fairy folk, and to understand the birds and flowers. Dame Nature comes to her, and grants the child's requests; and so she sees the birds, the fairies, and the gnomes, and the spirits of the fire and the north wind, and many other spirits and fairies, and they all have tender tales to tell the child. It is all a little too pretty and sentimental perhaps, and not the most invigorating food for young minds; but still the fancies are often very sweet, and the book is not to be set down as either "maudlin," or "nambypamby." The illustrations, by Florence M. Cooper, are quite in harmony with the text, they betray indeed a rarer gift, in spite of some weakness in the drawing. The fairy of the brook and the knight of the flame are delightfully invented, and the snow fairy shows yet higher powers. It is a pity that to some irreverent persons she might seem to be smoking a pipe.

The Yarl's Yacht. By Jessie M. E. Saxby. (Nisbet.) As for story, perhaps there is not much in it, and as for characters, perhaps we do not know very much about all of them when the end has been reached; but yet it is a comfortable, pleasant, genuine book. And if we are a little puzzled as to the respective merits of the Lunda lads, it may be because there are so many of them, and we have missed our

opportunity of better acquaintance provided in a former volume devoted to their history. There is plenty of incident, and of a natural unforced kind, in a country which must be a paradise for lads of the right sort who love yachting and natural history. We need scarcely say that, coming from the hands of one of the writers of *The Home of a Naturalist*, the pictures of Shetland scenery and of life in the islands have the stamp of authenticity. If the yacht were not burnt we would willingly go and sail with the dear old Yarl and the lads, and "potter" about the islets and rocks until we knew them all. But we forget. The lads are all grown up now; and Svein has married Gerta, and Garth has married Amy Congreve, and the laird is dead—perhaps the Yarl too. Did we write that we did not know very much about all the characters? That is true; and yet what we know we like, some we almost love, even on so slight an acquaintance.

The Loss of John Humble. By G. Norway. (Blackie.) What boy could be insensible to the charms of a story of privateering and the pressgang, of a winter in the Arctic regions and a sojourn among the Laplanders? All this, and much more, in the way of adventures is excellently told by Mr. Norway, while the tone of his story is singularly high. The pathos culminates when, in the agony of starvation, the shipwrecked sailors wish to kill the friendless boy. The captain defends him; but, after a time, the boy whispers, "Captain, I will be killed for you! only—only—would you hold my hand the while?"

MR. A. H. MILES has provided the young with a fund of delight in his *Fifty-two Stories for Boys* (Hutchinson). These comprise a collection of sea tales, of tales of school and travel, of Indians and backwoodsmen, of the camp and field, of travel and adventure, and a dozen more which may be called miscellaneous. Their quality is sufficiently vouched by the names of their authors, Mayne Reid, G. Manville Fenn, Ballantyne, Kingston, Hope, Ker, Stables—in a word, the most approved authors of juvenile literature. The Red Indian on the war-trail, emblazoned on the cover of the book, forms an appropriate emblem of the stirring tales within. A glance inside shows pirates, shipwrecks, scalp-locks, gleaming knives, blunderbusses, and cyclones. What more could the most exacting boy wish for?

My Boynie: the Story of Some Motherless Children. By E. E. Green. (Sonnenschein.) The pathos and tone of this little story are exactly what would be expected from Mrs. Green. A sister tends a sick brother for years with the most unstinted devotion. But the incidents are few, and the materials for a story scanty. An amusing confusion occurs in p. 3, where the heroine is said to have been five years old when her brother was born. It is affirmed at p. 2 that he was four years younger than she was. Consequently, he must have been a year old when he was born.

Eena Romney: or, Word-Pictures of Home-Life in New South Wales. By Myra Felton. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) The home-life treated in this book might have lain almost as well in England as in New South Wales, so little local colour is diffused through it. One original—not to say impossible—incident is introduced: the throwing a goose on its back into the sea to save a man who is swimming from a shark. This book is evidently the author's first venture in literature, and betrays immaturity of thought and expression. A strong religious strain runs through it, which would have charmed our old friend Mrs. Sherwood. As it is, it appears better suited to the meridian of Sydney than that of Greenwich.

Every Sunday: a Book for Boys. By C. M. Hallett. (S.P.C.K.) Mrs. Hallett has written

a short chapter of religious teaching for each Sunday of the Christian year. Each of these instructions is short, pithy, and to the point, well suited for a lad's Sunday reading, and, if read aloud in a Sunday-school, or put into the hands of serious working men, likely to do much good. This book may be unreservedly commended.

The First Church Workers: Lessons from the Early Days of the Church in Jerusalem, by Rev. W. E. Chadwick (S.P.C.K.), consists of a dozen short sermons or addresses delivered in a large manufacturing parish. Taking different sides of Christian work, they touch many of the social problems of the day, and prove impressive because of their thoughtfulness and sympathy. They, too, might be used to advantage in many similar districts.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE success which has attended the "Index Library" since its commencement in January 1888, has induced Mr. Phillimore to propose its conversion into a society, with the view of securing its continuance upon a permanent footing. The approval of a large number of the subscribers has already been obtained, and a meeting to organise it will shortly be held. The name suggested is that of "The British Record Society." It will continue the work of the "Index Library," which has already supplied nearly a quarter of a million record references.

DR. H. OSKAR SOMMER writes from Paris, where he is at present working in the Bibliothèque Nationale, that his second volume of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, containing his studies on the romance, is progressing fast. He hopes that the work will be completed by the end of February, 1890.

THE new Supplement of Mr. Joseph Irving's *Annals of our Time*, which is just ready, extends from July 22, 1878, down to jubilee day, June 20, 1887, completing the day-by-day chronicle of events, social and political, home and foreign, of the first fifty years of the Queen's reign. The three later "Supplements" (February, 1871—June, 1887), with a very full index, will also be published at the same time in one volume, uniform with the first issue (June 20, 1837—February, 1871), of which the sixth edition is now in circulation.

MESSRS. METHUEN & CO. will publish very shortly a new book by Mr. Baring Gould, entitled *Old Country Life*, treating of the country customs of the last century, old houses, old roads, old country parsons, and old musicians. The book will be fully illustrated.

MR. BARING GOULD has also been for sometime past collecting the old ballads, with their traditional music, which were once so popular in the West, but which are now dying out. Messrs. Methuen will publish them in four parts. Mr. Baring Gould has formed an amateur company, and has lately been giving these old songs in several West-country towns. The experiment has been so successful that he intends in November to repeat the same in Oxford and London.

THE Dean of Llandaff has a new book in the press—*The Epistle to the Hebrews*, with notes. It will form a companion volume to *The Epistles to the Romans*, by the same editor, of which the sixth edition was published in 1885. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

MESSRS. BENTLEY announce for publication this month a *Life of Arabella Stuart*, written by Emily T. Bradley. It will be in two volumes, illustrated with portraits and facsimiles.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD will publish immediately Mr. Holt S. Hallett's long-promised book,

A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States, with maps and numerous illustrations.

Old Lamps and New, by Joseph Hatton, to be published next month by Messrs. Hutchinson, will contain some personal notes and reminiscences of celebrities of the past and the present, together with a portrait frontispiece, the first that has been issued with any of this author's numerous works.

A BOOK entitled *Practical Hints on the Public Reading of the Liturgy*, by the Rev. J. H. Whitehead, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A NEW and thoroughly revised edition of Schiller's *Prosa*, selected and annotated by Prof. Buchheim, will be published in a few days by Hachette & Co. The principal improvement will consist in the addition of a comprehensive index, supplementing the historical notes.

THE poem, "Her Dream," in the November number of *Cornhill*, which, in accordance with the rule of that magazine, appears anonymously, is by Miss Emily H. Hickey.

MR. SHADWORTH H. HODGSON will deliver the annual presidential address at the Aristotelian Society on Monday, November 4, on the subject, "What is Logic?"

A MEETING has lately been held at Auch in furtherance of the project for publishing a *Bullarium Vasconicum*, under the auspices of the Société Historique de Gascogne. The pieces extant are estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000. It is proposed to print a full catalogue of all, with analysis and précis of the more valuable. It is needless to say that this design, if well carried out, will be almost as useful to English as to French historians of the Middle Ages. The scheme has the hearty support of the archbishops and bishops of the province, of the various literary societies, and of the chief scholars of the region.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK, of Edinburgh—not yet of London—have this week issued the first volume of their new and enlarged edition of the Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey, edited by Prof. Masson. The editor, we are glad to find, has interpreted his functions liberally, having aimed at forming a collection as complete and as well arranged as the author, under other circumstances, might himself have done. The present issue, therefore—bound in red cloth, somewhat after the pattern of Murray's Guides—will be welcome even to those who possess on their shelves the long series of familiar blue volumes, in which *Selections Grave and Gay*, have hitherto appeared. Moreover, while it will contain more matter, as well as illustrations, the total number of volumes will be fourteen instead of sixteen, while the price is reduced from 4s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. The present volume begins in chronological order with the Autobiographic Sketches, the very earliest of which is now for the first time disinterred from the pages of *Tait's Magazine* for February, 1834. The frontispiece is a charming reproduction of a chalk drawing by James Archer, R.S.A., representing De Quincey with two daughters and a grandchild in 1855. The head of De Quincey alone from this drawing, on a larger scale, has already been published in Mr. J. R. Findlay's *Personal Recollections* (1886); so also has the medallion portrait by Shakespeare Wood, to which we greatly prefer Sir John Steell's bust. The other illustrations show Greenhay, near Manchester—De Quincey's early home, though not (as the editor points out) his birthplace; the cottage at Lasswade, most of all associated with his memory; and the ugly house in Edinburgh where he lodged during his latter years, and where he died.

MR. MARCHANT writes:

"With reference to the notice of my edition of Andocides' *De Mysteriis* and *De Reditu* which appeared in the ACADEMY of October 26, kindly allow me to state that the error on p. 36 to which attention is drawn is not mine, but the printer's. 'Who had ventured to oppose him in the Boule' should be 'who had not ventured,' &c. Anyone who reads pp. 33 and 34 will see that this must be so. Unfortunately, in correcting one mistake the compositor introduced another."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN accordance with general expectation, Mr. H. F. Pelham, of Exeter, now university reader in ancient history, has been elected to the Camden professorship of the same subject at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Canon Rawlinson. Mr. Pelham is a joint author of the article "Rome," in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and is understood to be well advanced with a history of the Roman empire. We may add that both Mr. Pelham and his predecessor were formerly scholars of Trinity, as also were Prof. Freeman and Prof. Bryce. It will not be incumbent upon the delegates of the common university fund to fill up the vacant readership, which was originally occupied by the Rev. W. W. Capes.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE, professor of poetry at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture on Friday next, November 28.

MR. A. W. VERRALL, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has finished his edition of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. As in his *Septem contra Thebas*, an introduction, commentary, and translation are given. The *Supplices* of Aeschylus, a revised text, edited with introduction, critical notes, commentary, and translation, by Mr. T. G. Tucker, professor of classical philology in the University of Melbourne, and late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, is also just ready. Both books will form new volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's "Classical Library."

MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, Oxford, was inaugurated in its temporary rooms, at 90 High Street, on October 25, with an address by the principal, Dr. Drummond, in which he advocated the unfettered pursuit of religious truth. Dr. Drummond is himself delivering three courses of lectures this term: (1) "Textual Criticism of the New Testament"; (2) "Introduction to Catholic Epistles"; (3) "Study of Doctrinal Theology." The vice-principal, the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, is lecturing on "The History of Christianity in England"; and the Rev. C. B. Upton on "Mental Philosophy" and "Ethics." The lectures are open free to all members of the university.

AT the meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford, on Monday next, November 4, the Rev. R. Harley will read a paper entitled "George Boole and his Logical Method: a Biography and an Exposition."

THE managers of the John Lucas Walker Fund at Cambridge have granted three small sums of money, amounting in all to about £80, to defray the expenses incurred by certain students in pathological research.

AT the last meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, October 24, Mr. A. E. Housman (of St. John's College, Oxford) submitted some emendations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; and Prof. Postgate proposed in Horace Car. III, vi. 22—

"motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
matura virgo et fingitur artibus
iamnunc et"

to read "Romana," the first four letters of "matura" having been corrupted from the

previous line (Lehrs has also made the same conjecture). He illustrated the standing antithesis of foreign and Roman from the rest of the Ode, and from other passages of Latin poetry.

AMONG the subjects that may be presented by candidates for the scholarship examination at St. John's College, Cambridge, in December next, are Hebrew and Sanskrit.

THE senate of the University of London has sanctioned the inclusion of Celtic as a special branch of the M.A. examination, after consultation with Prof. Rhys and other Celtic scholars. The syllabus, which will come into operation in 1890, offers two alternative subjects: (A) Irish language and Old and Middle Irish literature to the close of the sixteenth century, together with the relations of Irish to Welsh, to Gaelic and Manx, and to other Aryan languages; or (B) Welsh language and Old and Middle Welsh literature to the close of the sixteenth century, together with the relations of Welsh to Irish, to Cornish and Breton, and to other Aryan languages. In A, instead of Old and Middle Irish, modern Irish literature, with that of the Gaelic and Manx dialects may be offered; and similarly in B, instead of Old and Middle Welsh, modern Welsh literature, with that of the Cornish and Breton dialects may be offered.

DR. ROBERT W. REID has been appointed by the crown to the chair of anatomy at Aberdeen, vacant by the resignation of Prof. Struthers; and Mr. E. Waymouth Reid, of Cambridge and St. Mary's Hospital, has been elected professor of physiology at University College, Dundee.

MR. J. TUCKER, of Trinity College, Oxford, has been appointed lecturer in foreign languages at the University of Durham.

IT is proposed to form a Physical Society in Liverpool, which will hold its meetings at University College; and Prof. Oliver Lodge has consented to be nominated as first president. The secretary (pro. tem.) is Mr. Thomas Tarleton, 1 Hyde Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SUGGESTED BY THE "DEAD MARCH" IN "SAUL."

I HEAR it yet that requiem for the dead—

The roll of muffled drums, the measured beat,
Like a world's pulse, of countless marching feet
Advancing slow with loud and louder tread.

The mournful thunder crashes overhead,

And seems with far-off echoes to repeat

The rumble of the cannon in the street,
Pealing the knell for him whose soul has sped.

The long procession passes on its way,

The lightning flashes faintly through the gloom,
Above the thunder's growl the charger's neigh
Comes shrill upon the wind, the cannon boom
Their last farewell, and he is left for aye

To sleep in silence in a warrior's tomb.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

AUCOC, L. *L'Institut de France: lois, statuts et règlements concernant les anciennes Académies et l'Institut, de 1835 à 1899.* Paris: Klincksieck. 10 fr.

BYSTROM, J. *Lessing's Epigramme u. seine Arbeiten zur Theorie d. Epigramms.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 P.

CASTELLANI, C. *La Stampa in Venezia dalla sua origine alla morte di Aldo Manuzio seniore.* 8 fr. L'origine tedesca e l'origine olandese dell'invenzione della stampa. 4 fr. Milan: Hoepli.

CURTUS, E. *Alterthum u. Gegenwart.* 3. Bd. Berlin: Besser. 5 M.

DELALAIN, P. *Inventaire des marques d'imprimeurs et de libraires.* 3^e Fasc. Pays étrangers. Paris: Cercle de la Librairie. 12 fr.

DESCHANEL, P. *Figures littéraires.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

HEINZ, P. u. R. GOETZ. *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von Goethe's Tode bis zur Gegenwart.* Dresden: Heinze. 6 M.

JEANBOY-FÉLIX. *Histoire de la littérature française sous le second empire et la troisième république.* 4^e Série. Paris: Blond & Barral. 5 fr.
 LAISTNER, L. *Das Rätsel der Sphinx. Grundzüge einer Mythengeschichte.* Berlin: Besser. 20 M.
 OVERBECK, J. *Griechische Kunstmythologie. Besonderer Thl. 3. Bd. 5. Buch: Apollon. 2. Lfg.* Leipzig: Engelmann. 7 M.
 RUCKWÄRT, H. *Architektonische Studienblätter aus Budapest.* 1. Thl. Berlin: Claesen. 26 M.
 SELIGE, E. *Reisebriefe aus Mexiko.* Berlin: Dümmler. 6 M.
 TONKIN, le d'après ceux qui l'ont vu. *Préface de Jules Ferry.* Paris: Victor-Harvard. 3 fr. 50 c.
 WERDER, K. *Vorlesungen über Schiller's Wallenstein.* Berlin: Besser. 5 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BRUCKNER, F. X. *Die Custodia nebst ihrer Beziehung zur Vis maior nach römischem Recht.* München: Ackermann. 6 M.
 MAY, Gaston. *Éléments de droit romain.* Paris: Larose. 16 fr.
 STERN, A. *Das Leben Mirabeaus.* Berlin: Cronbach. 10 M.
 STOLZENBERG-LUTTMERSEN, v. *Die Spuren der Longobarden vom Nordmeer bis zur Donau.* Hannover: Hahn. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 URKUNDENBUCH, Fürstenbergisches. 6. Bd. 1880-1889. Tübingen: Laupp. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABENDROTH, R. *Das Problem der Materie.* Leipzig: Engelmann. 14 M.
 BAUMHAUER, H. *Das Reich der Krystalle.* Leipzig: Engelmann. 8 M.
 BRUN, J., et J. TEMPERA. *Diatomées fossiles du Japon.* Basel: Georg. 12 M.
 DAMASCUS. *Successoris Dubitationes et solutiones de primis principiis. In Platonis Parmenidem, partim secundum curia recensuit, partim nunc primum edidit Car. J. M. Ruellie.* Paris II: Klinckstein. 12 fr. 60 c.
 ENOCH, W. *Der Begriff der Wahrnehmung.* Hamburg: Carly. 2 M.
 KLEYER, A. *Lehrbuch der Integralrechnung.* I. 1. Th. Stuttgart: Mayer. 10 M.
 MICHELLI, M. *Contributions à la flore du Paraguay.* II. Basel: Georg. 4 M.
 OSTWALD, W. *Grundrisse der allgemeinen Chemie.* Leipzig: Engelmann. 8 M.
 SQUINAROLI, S. *Contribuzione alla Flora fossile dei terreni terziari della Liguria. II. Caracee-Felci.* Berlin: Dames. 30 M.
 WALD, F. *Die Energie u. ihre Entwertung.* Leipzig: Engelmann. 2 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

LIEBERMANN, F. *Die Heiligen Englands. Angelsächsisch u. lateinisch hrg.* Hannover: Hahn. 2 M.
 MEYER, R. M. *Die altgermanische Poesie. nach ihren formelhaften Elementen beschrieben.* Berlin: Besser. 10 M.
 MÜLLER, L. D. *Pacuvii fabulæ disputatio.* Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 60 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

Oxford: October 28, 1889.

Everyone who has read Macaulay's Essays will remember his graphic description of the death of John Hampden. His account of the last days and the last words of the dying patriot is, however, founded on an authority of somewhat doubtful value.

In May 1815 there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (p. 395) a document which was introduced by the following letter:

"Stonesleigh: March 26.

"MR. URBAN,

"Thinking that any particulars relating to that great champion of English liberty, the illustrious Hampden, would prove interesting to your readers, I present to you the copy of a MS. which has been many years in the possession of our family.

"Yours &c.,
"A."

Then follows a two-page narrative (pp. 395, 6), headed

"A true and faithfull Narrative of the Death of Mr. Hampden, who was mortally wounded at Chalgrove Fight Ann. Dom. 1643, and on the 18th day of June."

And subscribed—

"By me, Edward Clough, in the year of our Redemption 1643."

The author professes to have been an eyewitness of the events he relates, to have stood himself by Hampden's bedside, and to have

recorded his last words immediately after they were uttered.

Lord Nugent, in his *Memorials of Hampden*, accepted Clough's narrative as being in truth the evidence of a contemporary. His example was followed by Lord Macaulay, by John Forster, and by later writers. Nevertheless, there is good ground for believing that the author of this narrative wrote in the nineteenth, and not in the seventeenth, century. In spite of an affected archaism of spelling and diction, the grammatical construction of the sentences suggests a nineteenth-century authorship. More than this, the writer introduces words which were not in use in the seventeenth century, and employs words in senses in which they were not used till much later.

The following four instances will show this:

(1.) "Master Hambden," says the narrative, "voluntiered his service with the horse, albeit he had a colonelcie in a regiment of foot."

"To volunteer" was not employed in the seventeenth century in the sense of "to offer," nor is that meaning given by Johnson. I never saw the word "colonelcie" in any seventeenth-century document. Dr. Murray tells me that it is one of a class of words which came into use about the beginning of the present century. His first instance of "colonelcy" is dated 1810, of "baronetcy" 1812, of "captaincy" 1818.

(2.) Hampden's last letters, continues the narrative, "were by special messengers forwarded to the Parliament."

The use of the verb "to forward" in this sense is unknown to Johnson. Dr. Murray's first instance of such a use is from Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* (1790).

(3.) "In his young dayes he had entered too largelie into the vaine pastimes of the world, but was reclaimed, as I have heard him confess, by an inward call from the Lord, which enforced him to laye aside those his pursuits."

"To enter into" in the sense of "to take part" is not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, and I doubt if any such use of it can be found in seventeenth-century literature.

(4.) "Trulie he was a wise and good man, who was bye all looked up to as the deliverer of his Countrie from Kingle tyrannie and arbitrarie power."

Dr. Murray's earliest instance of the use of the verb "to look up to" in the sense of "to respect" is from Coleridge.

Many other examples of suspicious words and phrases might be quoted. Dr. Murray, to whom I am much indebted for allowing me to make use of the examples collected for the New English Dictionary, agrees with me in believing, on the evidence of the style alone, that Clough's narrative is not a genuine seventeenth-century composition. At the same time, the narrative itself contains several suspicious statements. After describing the circumstances under which Hampden received his wound, the narrator says:

"He was conducted to the house of Master Ezekiel Browne (a well-affected and godly man, who afterwards did good service in our armie)."

Hampden died at Thame; but I can find no trace of the existence of any Ezekiel Browne either there or in the armies of the Parliament. The narrator continues:

"He, contrary to all opinion of skilfull Chirurgeons, appeared to have no hopes of a recoverie from that hurt, and would, so long as his strength sufficed, write directions for the vigorous prosecution of the warfare, which were by special messengers forwarded to the Parliament; and these his Letters, in the sober judgement of men, have under God his providence rescued these realms from the hands of wicked men, who Ahitophel-like, gave to a weak and credulous king that advice which has embroiled these kingdoms in the present lamentable war."

The fact of such letters having been written is mentioned nowhere else, and I can find no trace of their existence. Hampden, according to the narrator,

"gave up the ghost, after having with more than humane fortitude endured most cruel anguish for the space of 15 days."

Hampden was wounded on June 18, and buried on June 25; and yet the narrator says he was an eye-witness, and wrote in the same year! In his last prayer Hampden is represented as saying:

"O Lord . . . confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their libertie and lawful prerogative."

Would Hampden or any of his contemporaries have spoken of the "prerogative of the people"? This must have been written at a time when the proper constitutional meaning of the word had been forgotten.

I may, perhaps, be permitted in a second letter to add some additional reasons for rejecting Clough's narrative.

C. H. FIRTH.

THE PATRICIATE OF PIPPIN.

Cambridge: Oct. 26, 1889.

Prof. Freeman's article on "The Patriciate of Pippin," in the new number of the *Historical Review*, has probably already been perused by numerous readers. To what proportion of that number his main theory will appear, to use his own expression, "an impossible paradox," I can only conjecture; but I should certainly like to be allowed to submit to your readers some of the reasons which incline me to withhold my assent from his position. That position, as he himself enunciates it, is this: *When Pope Stephen the Third bestowed the title of Patricius of the Romans on Pippin King of the Franks, he did it by authority of the reigning Emperor Constantine Koprónymos, and in the character of his ambassador.* Prof. Freeman adds, however, that he does "not positively assert this as a definitely proved fact, because there is no direct evidence on the matter"—that his position is "only one guess among others," but, he holds, "a guess which has everything in its favour, except that direct evidence which is not to be had."

I cannot but think that, *a priori*, it is a disadvantage that his guess runs directly counter to a large amount of circumstantial evidence and to the conclusions of the ablest and most recent investigators. M. Gasquet's *L'Empire Byzantin et la Monarchie Franque* (Paris, 1888)—a capricious and ill-digested piece of historical work—is, in fact, the solitary exception in Prof. Freeman's favour among the productions of the last half century. Otherwise, all the most competent writers on this period—from Oelsner, in his elaborate study of Pippin which appeared in 1871, down to Mr. Bryce's brief discussion of the question in his *Holy Roman Empire* (pp. 39-41)—are against him. Waitz, Ranke, Döllinger, Dahn, Gregorovius, (in the new edition of the second volume of his *Geschichte der Stadt Rom* which has just appeared), have all, as Prof. Freeman candidly admits, adopted the contrary view—holding, for the most part, that the title of "Patricius" was probably conferred on Pippin by the authority of the Roman pontiff and the Roman people, not only without any reference to the Greek emperor, but as a first step towards the formal repudiation of his authority.

So many of the facts which chiefly militate against Prof. Freeman's theory are either completely ignored by him or kept altogether in the background, that it becomes necessary to recall them to recollection.

In the first place, he fails to take into account those fierce theological antipathies which were leading the popes to contemplate, at all hazards, a rupture with the empire.

Ever since Leo the Isaurian had ascended the throne in 717, the imperial authority, as that of the dictator of the belief of the Eastern Church, had been palpably in conflict with the doctrinal teaching of Rome; and in 726 the emperor issued his famous decree against Image Worship. His rule in Italy began to be regarded with detestation; his officers found it impossible to levy the imperial taxes; and his representatives in Rome, Naples, and Ravenna were deposed. When Gregory III. was made Pope in 731, one of his first acts was to assemble a council in Rome which hurled a sentence of excommunication against the iconoclasts;

"und das," says Gregorovius (ii. 237), "war an sich die Losagung Italiens vom byzantinischen Reich." The Emperor, says Ranke, "sah darin einen Abfall nicht allein des Papstes, sondern des gesammten Italiens" (*Weltgesch.* v. 310). "Die römische Synode von 731," says Oelsner (p. 83), "bezeichnet daher den offenen Bruch zwischen Italiens und Ostrom, den faktischen Sturz der kaiserlichen Gewalt, mehr als zwei Jahrzehnte bevor der Sieg Pippins über Aistulf das Schicksal derselben für immer entschied."

A great fleet was sent by the emperor in 733 to punish both the contumacious pontiff and his rebellious Romans, but it was lost in the Adriatic.

We can hardly be surprised, accordingly, that when in 739 the Lombard king, Luitprand, was again threatening to invade the Roman duchy, Gregory made his appeal for aid, not to the impotent and hostile emperor, but to the great ruler of the Franks, Charles Martel, then at the height of his renown as the conqueror of the Saracen. Nor can it be any more a matter of surprise that he made a formal tender of the transference of his allegiance from the emperor to the Frankish mayor of the palace, and besought the latter to extend his protection over the Roman patrimonies under the title of *consul*. This, of course, constituted an all-important precedent for Pippin fifteen years later; but Prof. Freeman endeavours to deprive it of much of its value as such by insisting on an entire difference of meaning between the terms "*consul*" and the term "*patricius*."

"If," he says, "the emperor was to be supplanted gradually and silently, it was by a patrician that he could best be supplanted. A *consul* was another matter. That title fell in much better with a design to get rid of the emperor suddenly and openly."

It would surely seem a more obvious reason for the selection of the title of *consul* that the title of *patricius* was at this time regularly borne by the exarchs of Ravenna (see Abel and Simson, p. 171, and note); and that consequently if Charles Martel had accepted the protectorate under the title of "*patricius*," the repetition of the title would have been productive of confusion. "*Consul*" marked more distinctly the western as opposed to the eastern dignity.

"The refusal of Charles to interfere," Prof. Freeman goes on to say, "left the Pope and the local Romans to themselves, to settle their relations to their sovereign the emperor and to their enemy the Lombard king how they might. And it is certain that they never again attempted to throw off the authority of the emperor by any formal act till the Old Rome had an emperor of its own to put in the place of him who reigned in the New" (p. 696).

Now the words which I have italicised can only mean that from the year 740 to Christmas day 800, we find no "*formal act*" on the part of the Roman pontiff and people intimating their renunciation of the imperial authority. To most students of the period it would, I imagine, appear a sufficiently "*formal act*" when Pope Hadrian, in 774, completely recognised the assumption by Charles's grandson of supreme authority in those provinces which the

Greek emperor still claimed as rightfully his. The younger Charles, as Abel (p. 173) says,

"setzte sich als Patricius gewissermaßen an die Stelle des Kaisers und nahm daher eben auch der Oberhoheit in Anspruch." "schon lange vor der Kaiserkrönung wurden die Römer in Italien als seine Unterthanen, Rom selbst als eine Stadt seines Reiches angesehen" (p. 175).

If, however, the assent which Hadrian and the Roman people gave to Charles's assumption of that supreme authority which had before belonged to the Greek emperor does not, in Prof. Freeman's opinion, deserve to be characterised as "*formal*," I think it can hardly be questioned that the following act was essentially of such a character:

"Novam temporis tabularum indicandi rationem Hadrianus procedente pontificatu ascivit. More enim tralaticio quum etiam litteris d. 22 Apr. 772 exaratus Graecorum imperatorum annos (*id quod postea accidit nunquam*) subiunxit, mutato ritu annotare jam die 1 Dec. 781 incepit, tum quibus pontificatus sui annis, tum quorum per manus et scriptae et datae chartae essent" (Jaffe, *Reg. Pont. Rom.*, p. 203).

That is to say, after April 22, 772, Hadrian altogether discontinued dating his bulls and letters according to the year of the reigning Greek emperor, substituting that of his own pontificate. The last formality which might seem to link the empire and the popedom together was thus broken, and no more distinctly "*formal*" repudiation of allegiance to the Greek emperor could well have been made. We find, for example, that when Tassilo, Duke of Bavaria, was accused of *lèse-majesté* towards his liege lord, Charles the Great, a precisely similar practice—that of dating his decrees according to his own ducal year instead of that of his Frankish superior—was construed into a deliberate design of shaking off his allegiance. It is singular that, while he is somewhat sarcastic at Martens's expense for disregarding the fact that after the accession of Stephen the state deeds of the Roman Republic were "still dated by the years of the emperor" (p. 709), Prof. Freeman should altogether ignore the *discontinuance of the practice* during the twenty-eight years which preceded the coronation of Charles the Great as emperor.

I now pass on to the main incidents connected with Prof. Freeman's theory. On March 25, 752, Stephen III. was elected pontiff. It is to be noted that he was not, as his predecessors had generally been, either a Greek or a Syrian, but a citizen of Rome, and, consequently, far less disposed to favour the imperial pretensions. So slender, however, was the tie which now bound the popedom to the empire that neither he nor his virtual predecessor Zacharias had deemed it requisite to apply to the emperor for the usual confirmation of his election. "The Lombards," says Prof. Freeman, "under their king Aistulf, were now more dangerous than ever. They had conquered Ravenna and the whole exarchate, and were threatening Rome and the neighbouring towns." He altogether omits, however, to note one very important fact, viz.—that in the preceding year the last of the exarchs, Eutychius, had been permanently driven from Ravenna; that the office of *patricius* had thus become in a manner vacant; and that the rule of the imperial representative had, after nearly two centuries' duration, come finally to an end. In June, 752, Pope Stephen contrived to patch up a peace on his own account with Aistulf. It concerned, as Prof. Freeman observes, only Rome and the Roman duchy. "Nothing is said about Ravenna; the pope does not take on himself the functions of the emperor." But in October peace was again broken; and just at this juncture the emperor made yet another effort to assert his authority

over the pontiff and the Lombard king alike. From Aistulf he demanded the restoration of the exarchate; on Stephen he laid his behest to second this demand by the exertion of whatever influence he possessed. "John the Silentary (the imperial ambassador), accompanied by Paul and some other envoys of the pope, went to Aistulf at Ravenna, but had no effect on his mind" (p. 698). In the following year we find the pontiff commencing *secret negotiations* with the recently-elected King of the Franks on his own account, imploring Pippin and the magnates of his realm to come to the assistance of the Roman see. To this appeal Pippin responded by despatching two envoys to Italy with orders to bring the pontiff to their own master. And, almost at the same time, John the Silentary appeared in Rome, bearing the imperial order that the pope should "go in person to the Lombard king, and demand the restoration of Ravenna and the other towns which he had seized." The motive of Constantine in thus requiring the personal intervention of Stephen is sufficiently intelligible. He hoped that, as Pope Zacharias had once overawed Liutprand, so Stephen would now overawe Aistulf, and that he might thus get back the exarchate. Can we doubt for a moment that, if it had been restored, Constantine would have forthwith appointed a new exarch, and that that exarch would in his turn have borne the title of *patricius*?

In pursuance of Constantine's commands, John the Silentary and Stephen presented themselves in the latter part of October, 753, at the Lombard court in Pavia. "Both go to Pavia by the emperor's order; they both make the same demand; Aistulf will listen to neither." Their mission is at an end.

The next stage in the drama shows us Pope Stephen taking his journey across the Alps—an unprecedented act on the part of a pope—to plead with the Frankish king in person. He was accompanied by the Frankish envoys; and what was the result of his bold undertaking? The Donation of Chiersy, on the one hand—which resulted in the bestowal of the exarchate (or the greater part of it) on the pope, *not* its restitution to the rightful claimant, the emperor; and the investiture of Pippin as "*patricius*" with the protectorate of the possessions of the Church on the other. By the one, the temporal power of the papacy was created; by the other, the pope's independence of the Greek emperor was implicitly asserted.

Let us take the record of Pope Stephen's momentous act as it stands recorded in the *Clausula de Pippino*, of which, I am glad to see, Prof. Freeman concedes the authenticity. "Pippinus per manus Stephani pontificis . . . in regem et patricium una cum filii Carolo et Carolomanno unctus et benedictus est." There is nothing here about any authority from the Greek emperor; and surely it would have been an extraordinary return for Stephen to make for the splendid promise of the exarchate, to profess to look upon the powerful monarch of the Franks as succeeding to the protectorate of that territory only by favour of the very potentate whom he was undertaking perpetually to exclude from it!

Prof. Freeman prefers not to quote the *Clausula*, but he goes on to say that

"the patriciate would to the mind of every man in Rome and Italy imply an imperial commission. If the pope, in conferring that title, did not act by imperial authority, he must have meant to act in defiance of imperial authority. He must have meant to set up his patrician in opposition to the authority of the emperor" (p. 702).

It seems to me more in harmony with the facts to say that the Roman see wanted a *patricius*; that the imperial *patricius* had fled, and there seemed no reasonable prospect of his being restored; and that Stephen, accordingly, in-

vested Pippin with the office and made it hereditary in his house, the consent of the citizens of Rome, as Gregorovius (ii. 275) supposes, having probably been already formally obtained.

That the title was bestowed with the consent and authority of the emperor seems incredible if we take into account the following considerations:

(1) When the Greek emperor demanded the restoration of the exarchate through his ambassador at Pavia, we can only suppose that he designed to re-appoint his exarch, and to re-invest him with the customary dignity of patricius. But we can scarcely imagine that Constantine designed to make the King of the Franks his exarch.

(2) The exarch had always been the mere creature of the emperor removable at pleasure. Stephen, however, in investing not only Pippin but also his sons with the dignity, designed to make it hereditary in the house of Arnulf. This would have been a new departure in the theory of the office, as held by the empire, however consonant with the theory of the royal dignity among the Franks which Pippin was endeavouring to establish.

(3) There seems to be no precedent, at this period, for the investiture by the emperor of a secular potentate with a secular office, through the medium of the pope.

(4) If the emperor designed to make Pippin patricius, why did he not entrust so delicate a negotiation to his own ambassador, on whom he could rely, rather than to a pontiff who regarded him with aversion? It is difficult to suppose that he had any idea of Stephen's journey across the Alps.

(5) If Stephen bestowed, and Pippin accepted, the title as emanating from the emperor, how was it that after Pippin's refusal to surrender the exarchate in 756 the emperor did not recall the bestowal of the dignity?

I might urge "a vast deal more" (to use Prof. Freeman's own expression), especially from times subsequent to 754, which incline me still to adhere to the belief that the offer of the patriciate to Pippin was the outcome of independent concert between Pope Stephen and the Roman people, just as much as was the offer of the consulship by Gregory III. to Pippin's father. But the King of the Franks found himself in a position to accept the honour and the responsibility which the sagacious mayor of the palace had deemed it prudent to decline.

J. BASS MULLINGER.

JOHN CHAUCER'S WIFE.

British Museum: Oct. 19, 1889.

The mistake of which I complained in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, as to Joan the supposititious wife of Chaucer's father, unluckily re-appears again in *Chambers's Cyclopaedia* (vol. iii., p. 136, col. 2). The statement there made is that Chaucer

"was the son of John Chaucer by his second wife Agnes, of unknown surname, a niece of one Hamo de Copton. (His first wife, Joan de Esthalle, was certainly living as late as 1331.)"

This mistake I desire again to correct, and to declare that the evidence of the Coram Rege Roll of Trinity Term, 5 Edw. III., is expressly against it. In December, 1324, the Staces and Agnes, the wife of Walter de Westhale, forcibly carried off John Chaucer (the poet's father,) then a boy of fourteen, in order to marry him to Joan de Esthalle. The boy did not marry the girl, but was recovered by his mother and stepfather. In 1328 he was "still unmarried." His abductors were fined £250 and put in prison. In 1331 they petitioned to be set free, on the ground that John Chaucer had forgiven them the £250.

If he had then married Joan de Esthalle, they would have pleaded it triumphantly in their favour. But they did not do so; of course, because John had not married Joan. There is no evidence whatever that John Chaucer ever had more than one wife, Agnes.

That Chaucer's own wife "was in all probability" a Roet, and that "she gave birth, it would seem, about 1362 or 1363, to Thomas [and] probably to Elizabeth (circa 1365)," I do not believe. But these last things are matters of opinion, as to which I trust that future finds will bring us certainty one way or the other.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

R. A. PROCTOR MEMORIAL FUND.

The affairs of the late Mr. Proctor have now been settled; and we regret to say that the total sum available as provision for his widow and the seven children—four of whom are daughters and one a little boy permanently invalidated—is under £2000. To the small income which this will produce there is to be added the £100 per annum from the Civil List, which is, however, granted only during Mrs. Proctor's life. Temporary assistance has been already voluntarily rendered by several of the late Mr. Proctor's friends; and, as others have signified their desire to assist, it has been decided to start a fund under the above name. An influential committee is in course of formation, which the many friends of Mr. Proctor are invited to join. Subscriptions to the "R. A. Proctor Memorial Fund" will be received by the City Bank, Bond Street Branch, W.

GRANT ALLEN.
EDWARD CLODD.
A. COWPER RANYARD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3, 4 p.m., South Place Institute: "Denmark and Iceland," by Mr. Eirikr Magnusson. MONDAY, Nov. 4, 4 p.m., Royal Academy: "The Head and Face," by Prof. John Marshall.

5 p.m., Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m., Aristotelian: "What is Logic?" Presidential Address, by Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson. TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 8 p.m., Biblical Archaeology: "The Tree and Fruit represented by the Tappuah of the Hebrew Scriptures," by the Rev. W. Houghton; "Notes on the Accadian Language," by the Rev. C. J. Ball; "Was the Camel known to the Early Egyptians?" by the Rev. W. Houghton.

8.30 p.m., Zoological: "New Indian Lepidoptera, chiefly Heterocera," by Col. C. Swinhoe; "The Genus *Urothoë* and a New Genus *Urothoides*," by the Rev. Thomas R. R. Stebbing; "List of Birds collected by Mr. Ramage in St. Lucia, West Indies," by Mr. P. L. Sclater; "The Relations of the Fat Bodies of the Sauropsida," by Mr. G. W. Butler.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, 8 p.m., Geological: "The Dinosaurs of the Wealden, and the Sauropterygians of the Purbeck and the Oxford Clay," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "A 'Dumb Fault' or 'Wash-out' found in the Pleasley and Teversall Collieries, Derbyshire," by Mr. J. O. B. Hendy; "Some Palaeozoic Ostracodes from North America, Wales, and Ireland," by Prof. T. Rupert Jones.

8 p.m., Elizabethan: "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7, 4 p.m., Archaeological Institute: "The Great Sphinx of Egypt, with some Account of the Spread of the Sphinx Idea in the Ancient World," by Mrs. Tirard; "Sculptures of Oriental Designs at Bradwardine and Moocas, Herefordshire," by the Rev. Greville I. Chester.

8 p.m., Linnean: "A Collection of Dried Plants, chiefly from the Southern Shan States, Upper Burma," by Col. H. Collett and Mr. W. W. Botting Hemsley.

8 p.m., Chemical: "The Isolation of a New Hydrate of Sulphuric Acid existing in Solution," by Mr. S. U. Pickering; "Further Observations on the Magnetic Rotation of Nitric Acid of Hydrogen, Chloride, Bromide, and Iodide in Solution," by Dr. W. H. Perkin; "Phosphoryl Trifluoride," by Messrs. T. E. Thorpe and F. T. Hambly; "The Acetylation of Celulose," by Messrs. C. E. Gross and E. Bevan; "The Action of Light on Moist Oxygen," by Mr. A. Richardson; "Anhydrazophenonebenzil and the Constitution of Linum Lepidum," by Drs. Japp and Klingen.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8, 8 p.m., New Shakespeare: "A Paper by Mr. W. Poel: 'Shakespeare's 'make rope's, in 'All's Well,'" by Dr. Furnivall.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9, Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Attic Theatre. By A. E. Haigh. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WHEN Dr. Donaldson half a century ago wrote his well-known *Theatre of the Greeks*, he combined in one volume a literary and biographical history of the drama with an antiquarian history of all the arrangements of the theatre and of the production of plays. Mr. Haigh confines himself to the second subject in his present volume, and the history of the drama proper finds no place in it. He describes the construction of the theatre and the nature of the scenery and machinery that the dramatists had at their command. He fixes the times at which plays were represented, and discusses the number, order, and relation of those performed at a single festival. He tells us how the actors were allotted, how they dressed themselves, how they contended for their own prizes, and how they formed a trade-union of their own; how the choregus trained his choreutae, and what was their appearance and place in the theatre. Finally, he discusses the composition of the audience, what they paid and how they sat. But of the dramatists and their plays we hear only incidentally—the inscription recording a victory of Aeschylus, which coincides with the reputed date of the "Agamemnon" and other plays; the occasions on which Sophocles appeared on the stage, and that dramatic innovation of his which Suidas describes in words that no one has been able to understand; the way in which favourite old plays like the "Orestes" and the "Ghost" were acted regularly before the new tragedies and comedies, long after Euripides and Menander had gone to dispute with Aeschylus and Philemon those thrones of tragedy and comedy which stood ready in another world. It is to be hoped that Mr. Haigh will regard his work as only half done, and will presently give us a companion volume on the history of the drama. He would certainly produce an able, accurate, lucid, and well-written work.

The considerable amount of new material that has been accumulating since the days of Donaldson, and the many discussions of material new and old that have taken place, did, indeed, call for a new book in English on the Attic theatre. Inscriptions of great importance have come to light; works of art have contributed further to our knowledge; German scholars have written a whole library of monographs; and three years ago Dr. Albert Müller published his excellent work (*Lehrbuch der Griechischen Bühnenalterthümer*) on the whole subject. Mr. Haigh has availed himself thoroughly of all these aids. To Müller he is, and acknowledges himself to be, specially indebted—maintaining, however, an independent judgment, and occasionally pointing out where he thinks Müller has gone wrong. He seems to have overlooked nothing or next to nothing, and English readers will find here the latest information and speculation, reviewed with sagacity of judgment and presented in a clear and readable form. There are many matters of controversy and doubt dealt with in the book, and on some of them it may be that the author is rather more positive than the evidence altogether warrants. He usually, however, states what the evidence is; and the reader is enabled, in great measure, to judge for himself.

A few of the points may now be mentioned on which those familiar only with the older books will find fresh information or fresh views in the book before us. Few inscriptions are of more interest than those found a few years ago referring to the Great Dionysia of 341 and 340 B.C., for they prove that at that date the number of tragedies produced by each author was not necessarily three, it being three one year and two the next; and that no satyric play was appended to the three or the two tragedies, for only one such play was performed and that came before any tragedy whatsoever. Several other points of interest are made clear by this inscription, which has not, I think, appeared in any English book before, and which Mr. Haigh gives, with others, in an appendix. The contest between the different actors, independently of that between the plays they were appearing in, is now clearly made out, and throws light on several things that were previously dark. Mr. Haigh emphasises again the distinction between the rules regulating dramatic and those regulating dithyrambic performances, with the view of showing that we have sometimes confused them together and applied to the former what was only true of the latter—e.g., the tribal character of the contest. The latest views as to the way in which the judges were selected whose votes determined the prize will also be found here; and all that is known of the Proagon or preliminary appearance of poets, choregi, actors, and chorus, in the Odeum.

As regards the actual structure of the theatre we have been assisted by the very recent excavation of the beautiful theatre at Epidaurus and by Dr. Dörpfeld's work in the theatre of Dionysos at Athens. The former goes to confirm what Vitruvius says as to the stage in a Greek theatre being no less than twelve feet above the orchestra. Mr. Haigh is no doubt right in rejecting, as Müller does, the theory of Dörpfeld and Höpken, that the actors for a long time were in the orchestra and not on the stage. The interposition of the chorus on this theory between actors and audience is, as he says, enough in itself to disprove it. Most people will agree with him also in rejecting another theory of Dr. Dörpfeld's, unless it rests on surer evidence than at present appears—the theory, namely, that "the Athenians had no permanent stage-buildings until the latter part of the fourth century, and that they were contented with mere temporary erections of wood during the whole of the great period of the Attic drama." This is associated with a further belief that the stone-seas also date only from the same epoch of Lycurgus. But as Mr. Haigh argues very decidedly against these views at pp. 124 and 137, it is puzzling to find him saying on p. 158: "All we know as to the stage in the Athenian theatre during the fifth century is that it was not a permanent erection at all, but merely a temporary structure of wood." There would seem to be here either some oversight or some failure to make his meaning plain. He will have nothing to do either with the platform that Müller and others have provided in the orchestra for the chorus to stand on. There is very little to be said for it and a great deal to be said against it. The distinction between permanent doors in the stage-wall and temporary ones suited to the play,

and made in the scenery that was put in front of the wall, may clear away a good deal of the well-known difficulty of getting a clear and consistent idea about stage-entrances.

Mr. Haigh is decidedly in favour of the view that women as well as children were admitted to all kinds of dramatic performances, and there is certainly a preponderance of evidence this way. He fails, however, to observe that some of the evidence of the presence of women in theatres may arise from their being present at non-dramatic performances, and that the passage in the "Pax" beginning at l. 50 seems to enumerate the classes of the audience without making any mention of women. There is, I presume, no reason to suppose that the two obols were ever given to women. This, however, applies equally to children. Mr. Haigh says nothing of the small stamped pieces of lead and ivory found in Athens and elsewhere, sometimes marked with masks, tribal names, &c., and thought to be theatre-tickets. Does he not recognise them as such? In any case they deserve mention.

Two photographs published by the Hellenic Society have been reproduced on a small scale as illustrations. They show the theatre of Dionysos as it now is, only that the custodian's hut in the orchestra—which, unfortunately, has to reappear in Mr. Haigh's frontispiece—has now been removed. A few other illustrations from vase-paintings and other sources have been added, and are a material aid to the descriptions in the text.

The Attic Theatre is certainly creditable to English scholarship. The author has not, I think, added anything fresh to our stock of information, but he has presented it in a carefully sifted, well-arranged, intelligible, and agreeable form. He has no new theories of his own, but he is a very competent critic of the theories of other men. A book more thorough and more trustworthy can seldom have been issued by the Clarendon Press. Further research, more excavations, the ingenuity of fresh minds, will in time amass a number of those minute additions and alterations that little by little alter the whole aspect of a subject and cause all our histories to be rewritten; but this will be the work of many years, and it is unlikely that for a long time to come so good a book as the present will be superseded.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AS'OKA'S THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH EDICTS IN THE MANSEHRA VERSION.

Vienna: Oct. 22, 1889.

Shortly after my arrival in Stockholm on the occasion of the late International Oriental Congress, Dr. J. Burgess handed to me a paper impression of a large inscription in North-Indian characters which he had received a few days before from Mr. Rodgers, the Archaeological Surveyor of the Panjab. After a cursory inspection, I was able to announce to him that it contained As'oka's thirteenth rock-edict, and possibly the fourteenth. My communication in no way surprised him; and he informed me that the impression was the result of a search instituted by his orders for the missing portions of the Mansehra version. With his permission, I made the discovery known at the second meeting of the Aryan section of the Congress (see *Bulletin*, no. 8), and

gave readings of some of the most important passages of the thirteenth edict. As every addition to our knowledge of the As'oka inscriptions possesses a considerable interest, I now reproduce the remarks made at the meeting, and add some others on points which have come out during a more leisurely examination of the document.

The impression measures 4' 6" in height. Its breadth is in the upper portion, down to line 8, about 8' 7", and in the lower one 6' 2". It contains thirteen lines slanting upwards from the right to the left. All of them are more or less mutilated at the end. In the upper ones about sixty letters, or even more, are missing; in the lower ones about forty. The first eleven lines and a half contain portions of the thirteenth edict; the latter part of the twelfth and the thirteenth lines contain fragments of the fourteenth edict. The first legible words in line 1 are *pacha adhuna ladhesu Kalingeshu*, which correspond with the beginning of line 2 of the Shāhbāzgarhi version. It is thus evident that the inscription is mutilated also at the top, and that its real first line is missing. In the preserved portions there are a good many illegible or disfigured letters; and the appearance of the impression shows that the stone has not been polished, but is full of natural fissures and flaws.

This state of things no doubt diminishes the value of the document. Nevertheless it is by no means useless. It confirms a number of readings, found hitherto only in single versions, and furnishes in some passages interesting *variae lectio*nē. Thus, in the sentence where the Shāhbāzgarhi version reads (l. 6) *prati-bhagam cha etam cavram manus'anam* (not *manushanam*, as my transcript gives erroneously), &c., and alone has fully preserved the last word, the Mansehra version offers lines *pra . . . [e]she savram manus'anam*, and thus confirms the correctness of the important word. In the next following sentence, which is considerably shortened in the Shāhbāzgarhi text, the Mansehra version sides—as is frequently the case in the other edicts—with that of Kālsi, and has (line 5 end): *nasti cha se janapade yatra nasti ime [nika]ya a[namta] yenesha [bra]ma[na]. . .*. The highly-interesting passage of the Shāhbāzgarhi version, which I first explained in the ACADEMY of March 9, 1889, is, unfortunately, not complete. What remains (l. 7) is: . . . *cha atzvi . . . na priyasi vijitasi hoti ta pi anunayati; anuni-jhapaye ti. Anutape pi cha prabhavē devina priyasa. Vuchati teshā; Kiti?* Here we have a general agreement with the readings of the Shāhbāzgarhi text, as I have given it, and the interesting fuller forms *anunayati* for *anunet'*, and *anuni-jhapaye* for *anunijhape*. It deserves also to be mentioned that the *jha* of the latter word is perfectly distinct, which is not the case in the other text. In the preamble to the enumeration of the Greek kings influenced by As'oka's teaching of the law, where the distance of the dominions of the Yona king Antiochus from India is given, the words *A shashu pi yojana[s'a]teshu* are distinct at the end of line 8 with the exception of the syllable *s'a*. The Mansehra version thus furnishes additional proof that the second word is really *shashu*, i.e. *shatsu*, and that the passage must be translated as I have done: "Even at (the distance of) six hundred Yojanas [where Antiochus, the king of the Yonas, rules]." Among the names of the Greek kings, only that of Alexander, *Alikasudare nama*, has been preserved. In the immediately following list of converted nations the first word of the compound *Visha-Vaji-Yona-Kam[boje]shu* agrees with the Shāhbāzgarhi text, the others with that of Kālsi. The next compound *[Nabha]ka-Nabhapamishu* comes likewise close to the Kālsi reading *Nabbake Nabhapamishu*, from which it differs only by the absence of

the locative termination in the first word. In the last sentence but one, where the Shāhbāzgarhī version has: *savra cha nirati bhatu ya sramarati*, and that of Kālsi: *shavā cha nīlati hotu uyāmalati*, Mansehra closely agrees with the former, reading line 12: *savra cha [pi] nīratī hotu ya sramarati*. The fragments of the fourteenth edict are very indistinct. So far as I can make out, the beginning (line 12 end), is: *iyam dhramalipi devanām priyena li*; and this agrees with the text of Kālsi and of the other eastern and south-western versions.

These details show that even in its present mutilated state the new inscription possesses a not-inconsiderable value. But from Dr. Burgess's statements regarding the circumstances under which it was discovered and the impression taken, I conclude that the find may eventually prove to be still more important, and that we may hope to obtain complete copies of the two edicts. The account which Dr. Burgess has given me is as follows.

At a late visit to Mansehra, during which he took the impressions of edicts i.-viii. and ix.-xii. used for my article in vol. xliv. of the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (p. 273, ff.), he noticed that the two inscribed rocks are surrounded by a very large number of big loose boulders, full of natural rents and fissures. It then struck him that the two missing edicts might possibly be incised on one of these. For owing to the roughness of the stones the existence of letters on them might easily be overlooked. As the time of his stay was too limited for a careful examination of each single boulder, he asked the Archaeological Surveyor of the Panjab to undertake the task. Thereupon, Mr. Rodgers sent in the beginning of the last rains a native clerk to Mansehra with orders to institute a strict search. The latter found, after a great deal of trouble, a third inscribed stone which had been removed from its original position and had rolled down to a nullah or torrent, overhanging its bank. This yielded the impression under notice. As the stone is not in its original place, and as the discoverer is not an archaeological expert, it is not at all unlikely that there are more letters on it than the impression contains. It may be that a portion of the inscription is hidden under the stone, or has been overlooked in consequence of the bad condition of the surface. It seems to me also very probable that an impression taken in sections during a more favourable season by a competent archaeologist will be much more readable than the present one. Under these circumstances I think it advisable to defer an attempt at editing the text until the stone has been examined once more and a fresh impression has been taken. But I should be ungrateful towards Dr. Burgess and Mr. Rodgers if I concluded this communication without adding that they have laid all students of Indian history under a great obligation by what they have already done.

G. BÜHLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. MILLER CHRISTY, F.L.S. (author of *The Trade Signs of Essex* and of an excellent little guide-book to the county) now announces for publication by subscription a volume on the birds of Essex, for which he has been collecting materials for the past fifteen years. He proposes to give not only a detailed account of the 271 species which are reported to have been met with in the county, but also chapters on local naturalists and collections, hawking and decoys. The book will be illustrated with a map, at least one plate, and more than 150 woodcuts; and will form a "special memoir" of that active body, the Essex Field Club.

Subscribers should address themselves to Messrs. Durrant & Co., Chelmsford.

DR. WILLIAM FERREL, of the American National Academy of Sciences, has written a *Popular Treatise on the Winds*, in which he deals with the general motions of the atmosphere, monsoons, cyclones, tornadoes, waterspouts, hail-storms, and other conditions of the atmosphere, explanatory diagrams being given. The book will be published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL'S new work, entitled *Star-Land*, will be ready for publication about November 25.

THE paper on "The Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the Tribes of South Africa," which will be read at the Anthropological Institute at its first meeting this session, on November 12, has been written by the Rev. James Macdonald, who resided for twelve years among the natives in South-Eastern Africa. Mr. Macdonald has prepared the paper in reply to the schedule of questions issued by Mr. J. G. Frazer, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE last number of the *Journal des Savants* contains the first of a series of four articles, which Prof. Alfred Maury proposes to write on the works of Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie. We are glad to hear that the venerable French scholar is gradually recovering from the sun-stroke which incapacitated him three months ago.

In the October number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) Dr. W. P. Warren, of Boston, author of *Paradise Found*, argues that the gates of sunrise in ancient Babylonian art were placed at the north, and, therefore, at the north pole; Mr. F. Ll. Griffith contributes a critical bibliography of the Siuit inscriptions; M. J. Imbert, of Paris, continues his notes on the Lykian writing, printing his proposed transcriptions of the characters in parallel columns with those of other scholars; and Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen notices Mr. Flinders Petrie's recent exhibition of objects from the Fayum, with special reference to the inscribed pottery, and the evidence it supplies for dating the prehistoric civilisation of the Levant.

AN important article on ancient metrology has appeared in the *Transactions of the Anthropological Society of Berlin* (for March, 1889), from the pen of Dr. Lehmann. The author's knowledge of Assyrian gives him an advantage over his predecessors in the same field of research. He has cleared up the difficulties which have hitherto surrounded the Babylonian system of weights and measures; and he has shown that the Egyptian system, instead of being the origin of that of Babylonia, as Brugsch maintained, presupposes the sexagesimal system of the latter. The importance of this conclusion for the history of early culture need not be pointed out. It indicates the existence of commercial intercourse between Babylonia and Egypt at a time of which we have, at present, no contemporaneous records, and carries us back into what is still a prehistoric age.

THE recent Congress for the Study of the Ethnographical Sciences in Paris drew special attention to the valuable work on the Hunza and Nagyr tribes by Dr. Leitner, the first part of which has just been published at the expense of the Indian Government. To the philologist, the ethnologist, and the student of folklore alike, it is one of the most important volumes that have ever issued from the Government Press at Calcutta. The materials collected by

Dr. Leitner during his residence in the little-known country of the Hunzas of Dardistan are marvellously complete. Hunza grammar contains many surprises for the philologist. As in certain Kurdish dialects, the substantive cannot be used without a personal pronoun; *as* is "my heart," *gos* "thy heart," *es* "his heart," "heart" by itself being non-existent in speech. The plurals of many feminine nouns, again, are masculine, and *vise versa*; while in the verb "to be" or "to become," as well as in numerous other verbs, there are different plurals for men, women, animals, &c., which are again sub-divided according to sex. Objects also are distinguished into male and female according to their fancied stronger or weaker uses, a gun, for instance, being masculine, because used by men in hunting.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—(Friday, October 25.)

THE president (Prof. Sidgwick) gave an account of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology held in Paris last August. The congress had adopted the scheme of a census of hallucinations already set on foot by their society in England, France, and the United States; and it was hoped that the collection of statistics might gradually be extended to other European countries. Much matter valuable to psychologists was thus being collected; and he trusted that fresh light would be thrown on the subject of co-incident or veridical hallucinations, which specially interested their society. He would be glad to supply information in reply to letters addressed to him at Hill Side, Cambridge—A paper on "Recent Telepathic Experiences" was also read.

FINE ART.

THE GLASGOW AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

IT is fortunate that the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours has this year—as was the case on several former occasions—been able to supplement the display of the works of its own members by an extensive collection of works in black-and-white, brought together by the Glasgow Institute, and also to add an interesting series of pastel drawings. The water-colours—about 200 in number—which fill two of the smaller rooms of the Institute, would of themselves hardly have presented any very great attraction for the public.

The display—like all close exhibitions, confined exclusively to the works of privileged members of a corporate body—suffers from the fact that each picture presented has not been judged, and accepted or rejected, upon its independent artistic merit. Accordingly, a large proportion of the works shown are of a distinctly commonplace character, while a few of the drawings are so feeble and worthless as to be a positive disgrace to the walls—show such a pitch of artistic ineptitude as should be sufficient to secure the dismissal of their painters from the membership of any rightly-ordered society of professional artists. The society, too, suffers this year from the absence of several of its strongest members. Mr. W. M. Taggart, undoubtedly the most effective water-colour painter in Scotland—who, indeed, has no rival on either side of the border in his renderings, in this medium, of light and atmosphere—is unrepresented; nor are any of Sir William Douglas's delicate, sweetly-toned little landscapes visible upon the walls; while Mr. W. E. Lockhart, whose works are always forcible, though sometimes wanting in the last grace of refinement, is also a non-exhibitor. Of the art of the president of the society, Mr. Francis Powell—work that never fails to be careful and delicate, if it seldom possesses much

force or spirit—we have two examples: "An Autumn Scene," and "A Gleam of Sunshine" shed over the sea. Some of the most striking of the exhibits come from Mr. James Paterson, an artist—still young—who is rapidly taking a very high place among Scottish painters in water-colours. A French-trained student, still manifestly influenced by Parisian examples, his art is yet essentially original. He sees and renders nature in his own way; his chosen schemes of colour-harmonies are distinctly personal and individual. "On the Beach, Seascale, Cumberland," and "Spring Evening on Craigdarroch Water," are sufficiently representative examples of his art; but he reaches a higher point in a view of "Moniaive," while his smaller subject, "Near Drigg, Cumberland"—a scene of the simplest component parts, just a curve of bay beneath undulations of rising ground that are shut off by a paling from a space of green foreground—is rendered perfectly delightful by the delicacy and transparency of its subdued and diffused lighting. One of the most prominent contributors is Mr. R. B. Nisbet, who is represented by eight of his careful little landscapes, which bear equal traces of a study of nature herself, and of an acquaintance with that ordered rendering of nature which is to be found in the productions of the early English school of watercolour. Mr. Tom Scott, is less excellently represented than has been the case in several previous displays of the Society and of the Royal Scottish Academy. His "Twilight Landscape" and "Rainy Weather" are wanting in that purity of colouring, that crispness and spirit of touch, which gave so much distinction to his Italian subjects of two years ago. Mr. R. Alexander shows his accustomed skill as an animal painter, and the cool grey tone that is habitual in his works, in his "Moorish Camp, near Tangiers." The "Footpath to Laon," by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, is delicate and fresh in treatment; while Mr. Robert Little's "My Little Neighbour"—a picture of a French child seated at a window surrounded by quaint grey walls and quiet ruddy roofs—is one of the most accomplished works that this artist has yet given us. Among the other painters who exhibit works of merit are Mr. A. D. Reid and Mr. R. W. Allan. And the exhibition includes several excellent examples of flower painting, notably Mr. Millie Dow's study of red and white roses, set in a Japanese bronze jar—a work superb in colour, and spirited in touch, and Miss C. Walton's "Pansies."

But, as we have indicated, the emphasis and main interest of the present display lies not in the water-colours that are shown, but in the works in black and white, and in pastels by which they are supplemented. The works in monochrome are arranged in the great gallery of the Institute, where a place of honour has been assigned to the large cartoon by Mr. E. Burne-Jones—"David's Exhortation to Solomon"—a design full of admirable decorative feeling in its graceful involution of sinuous lines. Eight other examples of his refined and fascinating art are also shown, including his vigorous classical subjects of "Ixion," "Tantalus," and "Sisyphus," various excellently delicate drawings of heads, and several studies for his painting of "Avalon." The grave, consciously restricted art of Mr. Legros is visible in a few silver-points and etchings, and from Sir Frederick Leighton comes his scholarly design for the "Captive Andromache." The direct and effective work in charcoal of the modern Dutch school is represented by Mr. Mesdag's vigorous "Return of Fishing Boats to Scheveningen," and by the still more powerful "Bords de l'Y, près Amsterdam," of Mr. Storm Van' Gravesande, who also contributes several excellent etchings. Among the decora-

tive designs are Mr. Walter Crane's series of original drawings to "The Sirens Three"; while M. Paul Renouard's "Sarah Bernhardt" and other sketches are admirably incisive and vigorous, excellent in their suggestion of motion, in their seizure of gesture. Some of the most imaginative work in the gallery comes from Mr. G. W. Rhead—an artist less known than he should be—who sends a pen-drawing of praising angels, and an etching of a quaint long-haired child, with face set in profile, and holding a missal in her hand, titled "Yseulte." His highest point, however, is reached in his visionary personification of "Sleep," a female figure holding a poppy, and set against a splendidly decorative background of sky, with nobly conventional renderings of clouds, full moon, and stars. His reproductive work—his etched transcript of Mr. Madox Brown's "Dream of Sardanapalus"—is less interesting, and, technically, far less accomplished. Most of the important etched and engraved work that is shown is already familiar to the London art-public. In the excellent plates of rustic figures by Mr. W. Strang, and in the fine rendering of Mr. Watts' "Orpheus and Eurydice," it is pleasant to find symptoms of the revival, upon right lines, and unmixed with other methods, of the grand old art of mezzotint. Mr. W. Hole, the most skilful of the Scottish etchers, is well represented. His original plate of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" is rather hard and "tight" in its expression of form; but he attains curious and surprising results, apparently by the unaided acid line, in his transcript of Crome's "Mill on the Yare." He also shows a striking transcript from Mr. Matthew Maris's most fascinating figure-piece, "He is Coming," which, however, has hardly the full spirit and the admirable concentration of the smaller plate which Mr. Hole previously executed from the same work, and which we are inclined to rank as the finest etching he has produced. Another Scottish etcher who deserves a word of mention is Mr. D. Y. Cameron, whose little plates of "Tillietudlem" and "The Spey" are refined and sensitive. The display of modern engraved work is supplemented by a series of prints lent by the British Museum, a series especially rich in the work of Rembrandt.

The collection of pastels, which forms so interesting a portion of the present display, may be said to introduce the method to the art-lovers of the North, for as yet only a few isolated examples of work in the medium—as now practised on the Continent—have found their way to the various Scottish exhibitions. Among much that is fantastic and whimsical, the present collection contains a fair proportion of works characterised by substantial artistic merit. Very striking is the large allegorical subject, by Mr. C. H. Shannon, "The Night of the Redemption"—a work gorgeous in colouring, excellent in its male figure, and in the effective decorative relation in which that figure is placed against the finely-imagined background of landscape and sky, but greatly requiring revision and more searching draughtsmanship in the face and form of the red-robed recumbent female. Mr. J. Lavery shows, upon an unusually extended scale, a graceful and tenderly-coloured rendering of "Aphrodite" floating amid the waves, attended by the finny tribes of the deep. From Mr. J. Guthrie, one of the most successful Glasgow practitioners of the method, come several effective landscape studies, and a fine interior with a figure, "The Rope Walk"; while Mr. G. Clausin has a charmingly clear, pure-toned child's portrait; and Mr. A. Melville is represented by some portrait subjects.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL announce the early publication of a volume consisting of twenty-five autograph reproductions by Mr. Birket Foster of a series of water-colour drawings, called "Some Places of Note in England," which have been painted expressly for their firm, and will be exhibited at their gallery next month. The volume will contain a description of each plate written by the artist himself.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL's treatise on *Pen Drawing*, which has been in preparation for some time, will be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It will make a handsome volume in super royal quarto, and will contain over 150 illustrations. The edition is limited to 1000 copies, 500 of which go to America.

THE same firm will also publish immediately, under the title of *Flowers of Paradise*, an artistic volume containing poems, music, and ornamental designs, by Mr. Reginald Francis Hallward. The illustrations that occur on every page have been printed in colours by Edmund Evans.

THE exhibitions to open next week include that of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, in Piccadilly; and a collection of American and colonial pictures and water-colour drawings, at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street. We may further mention that Mr. Robert Dunthorpe proposes shortly to hold an exhibition of water-colour sketches done in Holland by Mr. Wilfrid Ball.

THE eleventh exhibition of the Dundee Art Committee was opened by the Marquis of Lorne on Saturday, October 26, in the spacious Victoria Galleries which have just been erected by public subscription. These galleries, of which Mr. W. Alexander was architect, are six in number, and seem in every way well adapted for the display of works of art, being large and well lighted from the roof. The works shown number about 1200, including a fair display of current art, which is supplemented by a number of loan pictures, contributed by well-known collectors in both Scotland and the South. These latter include several works of great interest, and we should say that the exhibition on the whole is one of the most interesting that has been held in provincial Scotland. The Orchardsone include his "Napoleon," lent from the Chantrey Collection, his "Farmer's Daughter" feeding pigeons, and his noble-seated half-length of Mrs. Winchester Clowes, probably his most masterly essay in portraiture. By Millais is the vivacious and characteristic portrait of T. O. Barlow, the engraver, and a portrait of a child. The contributions by Pettie are numerous, including his large and dramatic figure-picture, "The Traitor," his powerful half-length of "The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.", and several smaller portraits of artist friends." By Tadema is a charming little full-length of "Miss MacWhirter." There are several admirable examples of Hook; and nearly all the leading Scottish painters are fully represented.

AT the annual meeting of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, the president, M. Chapu, and the secretary, M. le Vicomte Delaborde, both did honour to the genius of the late M. Cabanel. The premiers grands prix were awarded to M. Gaston Thys (painting), M. Jean-Charles Desvergne (sculpture); and the grand prix for painting, which was not awarded in 1888, was given to M. Ernest Joseph Laurent.

M. MEISSONIER is at last busily engaged upon his design for the decoration of the Panthéon. It has not, however, as yet got beyond the cartoon stage, but the whole design has been completed and submitted to the

commission. The subject is the apotheosis of France.

THAT wonderfully cheap and pleasant periodical *La Revue Universelle Illustrée*, published by the Librairie de l'Art, has commenced its sixth volume with its usual interesting variety of story, poem, essay, music, and illustration. Among the most agreeable of the items in the October number are Mdme. de Souza's "Eugène de Rothelin," Armand Carret's "La Mère de Washington," and Mdme. J. B. Willems's "Femmes-artistes (1789-1889)."

WE have received from Messrs. Buck & Reid artist's proofs of an engraving and an etching, both by Mr. Edward Slocombe. The former is a light mezzotint executed with much skill, and renders in a very sympathetic manner a charming picture by Miss Maud Goodman, of a young girl resting "On the Way," which many will remember in the exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1888. The etching is an original view of Rouen taken from the river, which is full of shipping—beyond is the wharf with its picturesque houses, surmounted by the towers of the cathedral and St. Ouen. The subject is a fine one, and the execution worthy of Mr. Slocombe's well-known skill in the right use of the needle.

THE STAGE.

OBITUARY.

EMILE AUGIER.

BY the death of M. Emile Augier—which occurred last week—France loses the man who was, in some respects, her most eminent dramatist—an active dramatist, indeed, no longer; but one who, for a whole generation, has done important and notable work. With regard to his recent abstinence from labour, an anecdote has been related which may well be repeated here, since it conveys an admirable lesson. It is told that Emile Augier, in the days of his maturity, was calling on a Parisian manager, when there was brought into the room the card of another visitor. The card was somewhat contemptuously put aside, and the bearer of it informed that there was no time in which to receive the visit of the newcomer. The card was that of M. Eugène Scribe. Seeing and feeling forcibly the manner in which its presentation was regarded, and remembering that the day was not so very long past when a work of Scribe's had been a potent attraction, Emile Augier determined that he, at least, both with managers and public, would never outstay his welcome. And he kept his resolution. The trait is very characteristic. Connected with it was the close and continuous following by M. Augier, in his most active days, of the currents of public opinion. His work dealt much with ideas. Those ideas he liked to present in "a rising market," so to say. Thus, he tacitly advocated divorce when divorce was "looking up." He watched the signs of the times; and, without sacrificing personal opinion, he brought forth at the given moment the things that were fit for that moment.

Several of the earlier, and one or two of the middle-period, works of Emile Augier were written in verse. In verse, let it be said quite frankly—for he could not command poetry. Eventually, he devoted himself to prose altogether. In prose he could best be what he was meant to be—the elegant and observant chronicler of society, the incisive and never savage satirist, the picturesque and interesting, though uninspired, portrait-painter. "La Cigüe" was the earliest of his successes. "Gabrielle" and "L'Aventurière"—the latter with a wonderful part for Mdme. Arnould-Plessis—pretty closely followed it. Then we had the admirable satires on the upstarts of the

Bourse and the press—"Les Efrontés" and "Le Fils de Giboyer." "Les Fourchambault" and "Madame Caverlet" came later.

For no less than thirty years had Emile Augier been a member of the French Academy. His literary successes, which were fairly prolonged, had begun early. He took no active part in politics; but his feeling was that of a Bonapartist—at all events until, by the lamented death of the Prince Imperial, Bonapartism became little more than the useless cherishing of a sentiment. Long as M. Emile Augier had been before the public, he was, even at his death, not a very old man. He was born in the year 1820 or the year 1821. It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned—almost by way of postscript—that one of the most popular of his plays, "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier," was written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. But generally—like the younger Dumas, and unlike Meilhac and Halévy—Augier did not "collaborate." His conceptions were matured by reflection, and the expression of them was, as a rule, wholly his own.

F. W.

STAGE NOTES.

WE have received from Mr. Fisher Unwin a copy of a well-printed, well-bound, and rightly very limited edition of the drama in which Henrik Ibsen puts us all to rights as to the relation of women with their husbands, and likewise displays the difficulty which he experiences in ever keeping quite clear of the treatment of what we may describe as his favourite physical malady. Poor Mr. Dick, with Charles the First, was hardly more to be pited. The play, *The Doll's House*—in which the genius and the charm of Miss Achurah, however unfortunately misapplied, had a fair claim to be recognised, and were recognised, last summer—is now illustrated with photographs of its principal English interpreters. They are done at the Cameron studio, and are fairly successful. The piece itself has been already discussed in the ACADEMY; and the appearance of the present edition (Mr. Archer's careful translation) offers no sufficient reason for the revision, or even for the repetition, of the verdict already pronounced. Briefly, however, it may be said that, if it offered itself to the reader among a crowd of common melodramas, *The Doll's House* would seem commendable as an effort towards thoughtful work; that the work is, nevertheless, executed in a method somewhat clumsy and provincial; that it is scarcely literature; and that the point of view from which life is discussed is in reality rather wearisomely antiquated, while it puts forward the pretension to be ridiculously "advanced."

THE Princess's Theatre, when it re-opens, is to be devoted, in the first instance, to the performance of a drama by one who has a very practical acquaintance with the theatre—Mr. Brandon Thomas. "The Gold Craze," we are informed, is to be the title of Mr. Brandon Thomas's piece; in which Mr. Barnes, Mr. Cartwright, and Miss Fanny will appear, and in which Miss Amy Roselle—who is seen too little in London—is likely to have a strong part.

THE announcement is made that we are to have a stage version of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and that it is that arch-adapter, Mr. Buchanan, who is to furnish the same. Mr. Buchanan's task will not be a light one, though we are reminded by the *Daily News* that it is by no means the first time it will have been undertaken. *Clarissa* has already, it appears, served the purposes of opera. That, however, is not much to the point—in the hands of a soprano we can imagine *Clarissa's* woes might be effective. What is more noteworthy is the fact—of which

our contemporary likewise reminds us—that in Paris (it was rather more than forty years ago) the story was to some extent drawn upon in a drama at the Gymnase, in which the Lovelace was impersonated by M. Bressant, and the Clarissa by Rose Chéri, the blameless and delightful actress who afterwards married M. Montigny, the manager. As we are upon the subject, it may be worth while to record what is, however, not hidden from anybody who knows France—that *Clarissa Harlowe* is one of the two English classics which every literary Frenchman knows and takes to his heart. Balzac was never tired of implying his admiration of it. The other classic is, of course, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A SYMPHONY in B flat (op. 60) by Dr. Bernhard Scholz was performed last Saturday at the Crystal Palace. In 1883, on the death of Joachim Raff, the composer was elected principal of the Conservatory of Music at Frankfort, which post he still holds. Besides chamber music, pianoforte pieces, and songs, he has written five operas. This Symphony was composed about six years ago, and was dedicated to the faculty of the University of Breslau, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It has been performed in various parts of Germany, and has even found its way to New York. The opening Allegro is a well-constructed and well-developed movement, but the subject-matter is not particularly impressive. The Lento, again, contains good writing, but lacks charm. In these two movements the composer indulges somewhat freely in brass effects. The Scherzo and Finale show equal, if not greater, skill; but they are much brighter, and altogether more interesting. The performance, under Mr. Mann's direction was excellent, Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, played Schumann's A minor Concerto. His reading of the first two movements was correct, but cold; the Finale was hurried and blurred. He was afterwards heard to greater advantage in some light solos of his own. Mdlle. Elvira Gambogi was the vocalist. The programme included Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture, and Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

The Popular Concerts recommenced on Monday evening. The programme contained no instrumental novelty. Dvorak's Quartet for strings in E (op. 80) was heard twice last season—once at Mr. Harvey Löhr's concert, and again at one of Sir C. Halle's recitals. While there is much to admire in the whole work, the Andante, with its quaint theme and variations, is decidedly the most characteristic of the four movements. Mdlle. Néruda and her associates, Messrs. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti, did full justice to the music. Mdlle. Haas played Brahms' Rhapsodie in B minor, and Chopin's Nocturne in B major (op. 9, no. 3), in a neat, conscientious manner. We should have liked, however, more feeling and more *finesse*. Mdlle. Haas is a good pianist, but does not always choose solos which suit her style. During the past season we noticed how seldom pianoforte sonatas were heard. Of such, by the best masters, there is no lack; and it would be far more profitable to listen to an important work of this kind than to a group of short solos not having any immediate connexion, and often selected without judgment. Mr. A. Chappell will do well to make a change in this matter. Mdlle. Néruda played Rust's (not Rüst) Sonata in D minor with great success. Miss Liza Lehmann pleased her audience with an old-fashioned song by Hook and some modern Lieder.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.